TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

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Around Town.

The face of the great deep of Toronto finances has been stirred and continues to be stirred by the failure of the Central Bank. The struggle to have the investigation in private is an unseemly thing. The stockholders and depositors have been ruined in public, and the causes, too, which led to it, should not be concealed. Paul and Silas replied to the keeper of the prison, when the magistrates tried to get them to slip quietly out of the town, "They have beaten us openly, and now do they thrust us out privily!" The stockholders and depositors have been beaten, and beaten badly and publicly, and do not feel in the humor for being thrust out privily. Nay, verily! Before this thing is over there will be many exposures which will, perhaps, cause a little disturbance at the time, but will eventuate in good. There should be no "Star Chamber" business; no protection of the big rascals while the little ones are being offered up as a sacrifice to appease the anger of a justly indignant public. No doubt a number of "nice men" and ostentatiously good men may be injured, but financial morality will be improved thereby.

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Talking about the Central Bank suggests an incident which has excited a great deal of talk. When our great and good Mayor William announced his retirement from the mayoralty, he said he could not be a candidate this year, for "Behold my father is an old man, and I must relieve him of some of his burdens." This piece of filial affection excited considerable applause and admiration, and was another evidence of the self-denying and self-sacrificing spirit of Brother Howland. But we have not heard of any abatement in the vigor of his esteemed father, nor his resignation from any of the Boards where he is highly respected and is such an invaluable director. On the other hand, the son who was rushing to his aid has accepted a liquidatorship of the Central Bank, which, if it is properly attended to, will take a good bit more time than themayoralty did. Enough said. The town is a little tired of this sort of flap-doodle.

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The first thing that attracted attention this week was the inauguration of Mayor Clarke. It has become the habit in recent years for the personal friends and strong supporters of a Mayor-elect to be on hand when he takes the chair. The exciting contest and the first experience of the lady voters made Mayor Howland's inaugural a very brilliant affair, and on Monday the friends of Mayor Clarke seemed determined that their favorite should have it to say that no one was more brilliantly and enthusiastically inducted into office than he.

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The large number of ex-mayors who were present united in saying that his was no doubt the most thorough and business-like message ever brought down to the council, and so good was the impression made that newspapers which had been hostile to him through the campaign and had continued their abuse even after his election, are now talking the other way and seeking to share in the kudos of his success.

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I was struck with the elegance and appropriateness of Bishop Sweatman's prayer. It sounded as if it had been carefully prepared, but the unusual nature of the occasion seemed to have affected his Lordship and his classical diction was warmed by a heartfelt earnestness and made particularly striking by the tremor of excitement that ran through his voice.

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There is one man in the new council who, despite his goodness of heart and honesty of purpose, ought to be struck by a blizzard or avalanche every time he jumps up to talk. Ald. Hallam imagines he is an orator, while the fact is, as a debater, he is nothing but a spluttering, noisy nuisance. For a gory slaughter of Her Most Gracious Majesty's English, one of Ald. Hallam's oratorical field-days stands unrivalled. Small of stature, a giant of egotism, and lacking every quality of an orator except his mouth—and even that does not seem to be in first-class repair—he struts and stutters and clatters and clucks like an old hen superintending the education of her one precious chick. He inaugurated himself as the chief nuisance of the council by making some excited and ill-timed remarks in answer to some insinuations thrown out by Ald. Baxter, who, by the way, showed as bad taste as could possibly have been exhibited.

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But there is something solid about Ald. Baxter—even if it is nothing but the size of his vest. He has a dignity of demeanor and fund of self-possession that nothing can ruffle. He sometimes takes excursions amongst words whose meaning he does not understand, but his quick wit, level head and force of character make him an ugly opponent and the champion debater of the council. Ald. Dodds is the most eloquent and Ald. Frankland the most sentimental, while Ald. Shaw's strong base voice indicates a force of character likely to surmount any ordinary obstacle. Grandpa Carlyle (of St. Thomas) is one of the most trusted and highly respected. Ald. McMillan is vigorous and full of strategy, but Ald. Be-Joyful Boustead is perhaps the most cunning and astute of them all, though he is not quite smart enough to disguise his wily disposition. It is quite a study to watch the various phases of character sent by the twelve wards to legislate for the city of Toronto. No citizen can thoroughly understand our politics till he goes down to the City Hall and sits out a meeting of the aldermen. It is better than the average show, and I believe it is the comedy element of it, mixed with man's natural desire to have a hand in a fight, which leads aldermen, once they have been in it, to have a morbid hankering to stay in year after year, though they know it is injuring their business and not increasing their popularity.

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The race for honors of this kind may seem silly to philosophical minds, but when once the opportunity offers there are few men strong enough to withstand the temptation to be a candidate, at least once in their lives, for a public office. They worry and stew and take any quanty of abuse, dispense oceans of taffy and part with large quantities of self-respect in order to be elected, and about seventy-five per cent. of those who run never get anything. But they can always account for their defeat and like the gambler feel sure they can do it next time. If you make up a list of all your acquaintances who have been candidates for public offices you will find that the size of the man is generally shown by the size of the office he is ambitious to fill. The very small man—the political microbe, as it were—is willing to work like a maggot in enriching the flavor of someone's else cheese, and all he asks is an appointment as drain inspector, or a submenial position in a public building. A little further on, evolution produces the well-defined "heeler" who wants an appointed office worth probably twelve or fifteen dollars a week, while some of the vasses at nights and tolls and moils like a slave for his constituents to get them sidewalks and street lamps, and makes rather a useful sort of person, but not at all the kind of an alderman likely to do the city credit or help to make it great.

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There is another class of men who go into municipal life desiring nothing out their personal profit. Very seldom are they disposed to steal directly from the people but they engineer little schemes for opening up streets, awarding contracts, protecting corporations, and in every respect prostitute their office for selfish ends. If they do it for themselves it does not look quite so bad as when they act as a man-Friday for some wealthy corporation whose chief aim is to evade the laws governing its charter and thereby abuse its opportunities to rob the people.

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Aldermen, as a rule, are a pretty hard-headed lot, and though in many of their acts they betray their selfishness and smallness of mind yet you do not find many of them who glaringly offend against public morality. The people generally are wise in their choice, and that they do not choose better men is, as I have said before, because better men do not offer and the electors are not properly organized to induce them to come out. Seldom do you ever see an alderman who become a tramp or actually degenerates into poverty or disreputable practices. I don't mean by this that they use their opportunities to become so rich that they are safe from indigence, but that the electors are shrewd enough to select men who have many good business qualities and a certain force of character.

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Following the grade of office-hunters the majority of men who offer themselves as candidates in parliamentary elections are successful municipal politicians who aspire to rise a little higher, but I think it is a fact that the best and most brilliant half of our parliamentarians have entered the Provincial or Dominion legislature without any official training. The smallest men in Parliament are, as a rule, those who have been reeves, wardens and mayors. There are notable exceptions; Honorable Mr. Mowat is one, but he is a man of unusual ability and kept his eye fixed on a high place and was never a municipal politician of the ordinary stripe. It is an absurdity to suppose that a man needs to be chairman of the committee on culverts in some township or city council to prepare him for statesmanship. It is more likely that the man who has spent the first and more receptive half of his lifetime bothering over petty things—haggling over lamp posts or wasting his time superintending the erection of a bridge over Mudhole creek, has spoiled himself instead of being in proper training to consider the railway policy of a government, or the tariff which is to affect the prosperity of a nation.

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Mr. Blake with all his brilliance was a striking example of how as a Chancery lawyer—his mind thoroughly trained to criticism and the inspection of small points and technical details—he became unfitted to grasp the broad and vital questions affecting a party's policy and the country's government. So thoroughly had he become accustomed to trust to points of order and finely-drawn distinctions and brilliant criticism that his mind never rose above it, and he could never propound a policy attractive to the people. And make no mistake, the people can judge, and, as the speculator would say, they "know a big thing when they see it."

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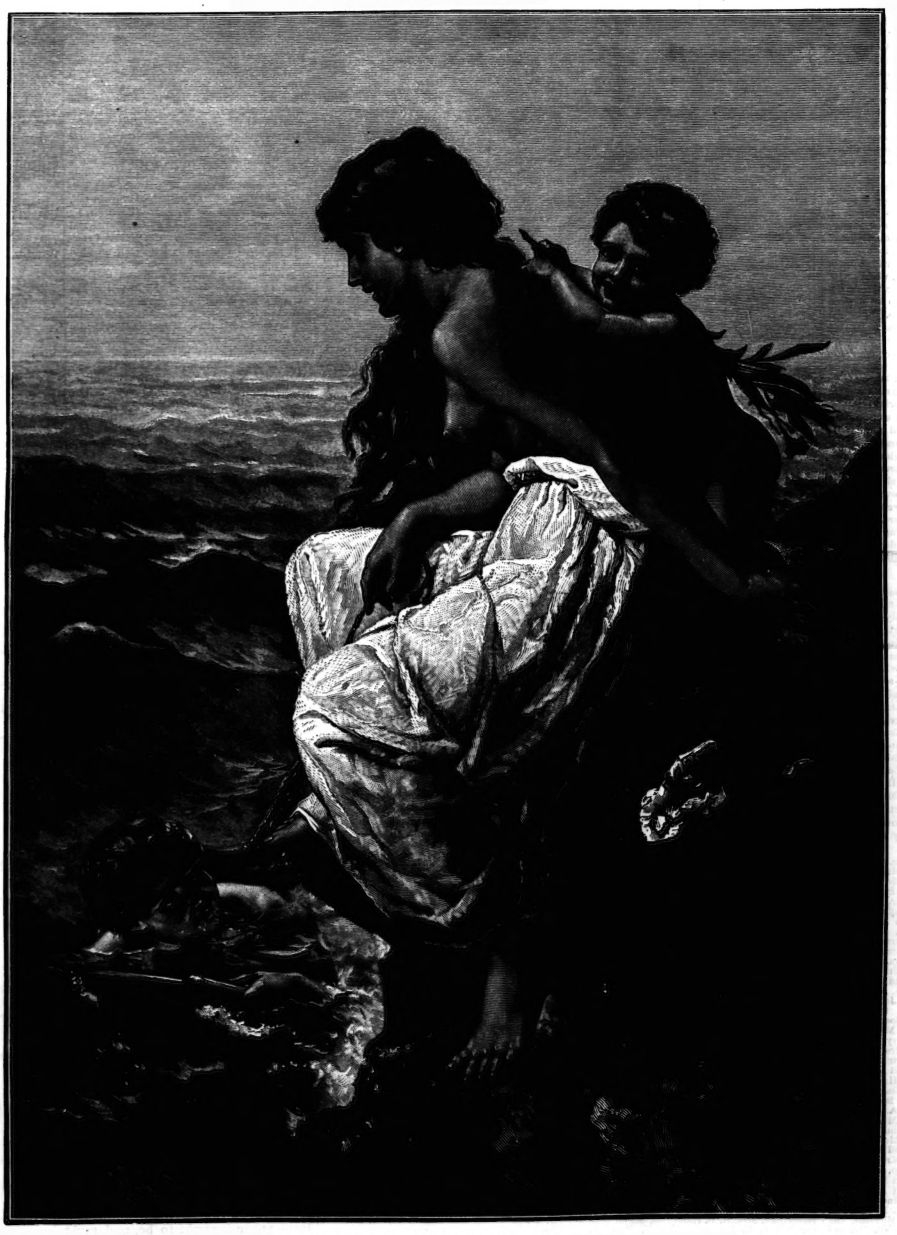
But of all the measly objects of public derision and pity it is the man who tries to be on two sides of the subject at once. He is as sure to fail as the sun is to set, and is only less contemptible than the party slave, who, half rotten with whisky absorbed into his system to ease the agony of hope long deferred, waits continuthe office that has been promised to him by a politician. He hangs around the doors of caucauses, shouts and does dirty work at conventions, crawls in the dirt to excite admiration, and makes threats of deserting his party to excite fear, while begging, begging, always begging for the office that has been promised to him. It is shorrible fate, and none the less pitiable that it is the fate of thousands who have abandoned honest toil for politics, and have forsaken self-respect to get some little government appointment. From the ranks of these are recruited the bums who stand arcund bars waiting for some one to ask them to drink, and the more successful half of these—heaven save the country—are generally able, at a late hour, to creep into the civil service somewhere, to die of whisky there, rather than in the poor-house.

DON.

An evening of reading and music will be held under the auspices of the Young People's Association of the Church of the Redeemer, in the Sunday school house on Thursday evening next. A fine programme has been arranged. Mrs. Cheeseman, Mr. Schuch and Mr. Fairclough will take part.



A VENETIAN SWIMMING SCHOOL.

To Correspondents.

Write on one side of the paper only, and spell names so plainly that a blind man could read them in the dark. Brevity is the soul of good correspondence, but brevity does not imply compression in the matter of fists, description, and news. Matter, to be of use for the next issue, must reach the office not later than Wednesday of each week.

The recently-appointed Lieutenant-Governor, Sir Alex. Campbell, and his daughter, Miss Marjorie Campbell, gave their first public and official ball on Wednesday night, with immense success. Invitations were issued indiscriminately to all who paid their respects on the installation of the new regime at Government House, and those chronic grumblers who believe that the taxes they pay should insure them the entree to Government House at all times, and profess radical and democratic views because even such a public man as the Lieutenant-Governor must reserve a little privacy for himself, ought to have been, and doubtless were, forcibly reminded that the hospitality of this gubernatorial mansion to its fullest possibilities. A debutante's enthusiasm for the light fantastic could be indulged in in the well-known ball room, or either of the two drawing rooms, to the music of Bayley's orchestra, while the more blase beauties of three or more seasons, could find rest and their own idea of enjoyment in comfortable chairs in the first room of the drawing room suite, or in many of the delightful corners and alcoves, which, with the other appointments of this excellently designed house, make it the most to be desired and romantic for a ball in Toronto. From the window of a carriage the mansion presented an inviting sight. Entering on Simcoe street, the drive around to the King street door was marked by red lanterns on the left, green on the right, placed on little mounds of snow at distances of several yards apart; and from every window shone bright lights. The conservatory was cleared of a great many plants, and the band was stationed on a raised dais in the south-east corner, decorated for the purpose. Supper was served from eleven o'clock in the diningroom and the Lieutenant-Governor's office, and was managed so well that at no time were the supper rooms overcrowded. Chaperones found the hall a convenient place to view the scene from, and dancers, with few exceptions, utilized it for meeting partners, which was the cause of a great deal of overcrowding, dismay and confusion almost impossible to prevent.

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In attempting to give the names of those present, my memory fails me—for was not almost everybody who is anybody a pleased participator in the festivities of the evening? Did not the soft lights of the luxuriantly furnished rooms shine on fair women and brave men? Was not the view black with swallow tails, white with well-laundried shirt fronts, bright with the gay colors of the ladies' dresses, scintillant with the parti-colored shafts of light that sped from the hearts of priceless jewels, dazzling with the panorama of shapely arms, agitated with the perpetual moving of countless fans, redolent with the languishing odor of faint perfumes, throbbing with the pulsing of the sensuous music that the slippered feet shuffled in time to? As of the 1,500 invitations issued over 1,200 were accepted, let me be content with giving the names of those to whom cards were sent, and who nearly one and all responded by their presence:

Hon. Geo. W. and Mrs. Allan, Mr. and Mrs. T. W. Anglin, Mrs. Mercer Adam, Mr. G. Mercer Adam, Mr. Frank A. Anglin, Mr. and Mrs. Henry D. P. Armstrong, Mr. and Mrs. Jas. M. Alexander, Lieut.-Col. Allen, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Arnoldi, Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Armour, Dr. Norman Allan, Mr. G. Gibson Adams, Mr. and Mrs. J. Rogers Armstrong, the Misses Armstrong, Mr. and Mrs. V. Ormsby Arm strong, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Armstrong, Mr. C. E. Armstrong, Lieut.-Col. and Mrs. Alger, Dr. W. H. B. Aikens, Mrs. Arkle, Mr. and Mrs. Edward Douglas Armour, Mrs. and Miss Armstrong, Miss Ardagh, Mr. and Mrs. Abbott, the Misses Abbott, Messrs. Harry and John Abbott. Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Beatty, the Misses Beatty, Mr. and Mrs. A. R. Boswell, Rev. Provost and Mrs. Body, Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Brown, Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Bunbury, Mr. Robt. Baldwin, Rev. H. Grassett and Mrs. Baldwin, Mr. and Mrs. W. Willocks Baldwin, Mr. R. W. J. Baldwin, Miss Baldwin, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Brown, the Misses Charlotte and Harriet Boulton, Mrs. Henry T. Boulton, the Misses Boulton, Mr. A. C. F. Boulton, Mr. H. R. Boulton, Mr. C. R. Boulton, Mr. and Mrs. C. A. B. Brough, Mr. V. E. Bayley, Miss Bayley, Miss Blaikie, Mr. Frank Blaikie, Mr. Justice and Mrs. Burton, Mr. Geo. and Miss Burton, Mr. and Mrs. C. Brough, Miss Brough, Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Bethune, the Misses Bethune, Mr. Henry J. Bethune, Mr. and Mrs. John Bain, Miss Bain, Mr. and Mrs. E. Benfelari, Dr. and Mrs. Burns, Capt. Arthur N. Burns, Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Baines, Mr. and Mrs. Willy T. Baines, Mrs. W. Bancks Baines, Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Brodie, Mr. S. F. Ball, Mr. and Mrs. T. S. Birchall, the Misses Birchall, Mr. Geo. T. Birchall, Mr. and Mrs. D. O. Brooke, Capt. G. H. C. Brooke, Mr. Chas. Brooke, Mr. and Mrs. T. Beckett, Mr. Ed. Hume Blake, Mr. Edmund Bristol, Mr. R. B. Beaumont, Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Ball, Mr. H. T. and Miss Beck, Mr. A. B. Broderick, Mr. H. L. Ball, Miss Bu han, Mr. and Mrs. T. L. Blaikie, Mrs. Brodie, the Misses Brodie, Mr. and Mrs. E. O. Bickford, Mr. and Mrs. Jas. O. Buchanan, Mr. and Mrs. B. Brouse, Rev. A. Boys, Mr. Henry Brock, Mr. W. L. Brock, Mrs. Beecher, Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Brock, Mrs. Brouse, Dr. Allan Baines, Mr. and Mrs. Geo. E. Ball, Miss Bull, Mrs. E. H. Baines, Rev. Arthur H. and Mrs. Baldwin, Mr. and Mrs. Jas. Beaty, jr., Mr. and Mrs. John W. Beaty, Mr. and Mrs. D. W. Bunting, Miss Bunting, Mr. Ralph R. Bruce, Mr. Chas. R. W. Biggar, Mr. and Mrs. Percy Bott, Mr. A. G. Brown, Mr. and Mrs. Thos. G. Blackstock, Mr. Geo. C. Biggar, Mr. A. F. G. Boulton, Mr. W. A. Boy, Mr. Herman E. Boulton, Mrs. Boulton, the Misses Boulton, Mrs. Meyrick Bank, Mr. Sam Blake, Venerable Archdeacon and Mrs. Bodly, Miss Bodly, Mr. and Mrs. Gambier Bousfield, Mr. W. A. Baldwin, the Misses Baldwin, Dr. and Mrs. Burritt, Miss Burritt, Miss E. A. Toutant de Blacryard, Mr. and Mrs. A. O. Beardmore, the Misses Beardmore, Mr. Geo. W. Beardmore, Dr. and Mrs. Jas. B. Baldwin, Mr. F. W. Burritt, Mr. Geo. A. Badgerow, Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Browne, Mr. R. H. C. Browne, Mr. and Mrs. C. B. Browne, and Mrs. A. F. Brock, Miss Strachan Bethune, Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Bethune, Mr. Douglas Burns.

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Mr. and Mrs. Meredith, the Misses Meredith, Mr. Jas. H. Morris, Mr. and Mrs. Mowat, Miss Mowat, Mr. and Mrs. H. K. Merritt, Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Murray, Mr. and Mrs. W. T. Murray, Mr. John Maitland, Mr. Alex. Maitland, Mr. and Mrs. Macklean, Mr. and Mrs. L. H. Moffat, Mr. W. R. Moffatt, Mr. R. Moffatt, Dr. and Mrs. H. T. Machell, Capt. Robt. and Mrs. Manley, Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Malloch, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Myles, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Merritt, Miss C. N. Merritt, Mr. and Mrs. Mandeville Merritt, Miss Ida Merritt, Mr. Meredith, Miss Morrison, Miss C. Morrison, Mr. Stuart Morrison, Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Morris, the Misses Morris, Mr. W. A. and Mr. A. C. Morris, Mr. and Mrs. Julius Miles, Mr. and Mrs. O. R. Macklem, Mr. and Mrs. James Mason Dr. and Mrs. C. E. Martin, the Misses Martin, Mr. and Mrs. Jas. Mc-Lean, Mr. and Miss Moss, Mr. John and Frank H. Moss, Mr. Alex. Marling, L. L. B., the Misses Marling Sheriff Mowat, Mr. P. F. Manley, Capt. J. H. and Mrs. Maud, Mr. Michie, Mrs. K. Mackenzie Moffat, Miss Ida Moffat, the Misses Morson, Lt. Col. and Mrs. Milligan, Rev. G. M. and Mrs. Milligan, Mr. Hugh H. and Miss Murray, Capt. Mutton, Mr. A. H. Murray, Mr. and Mrs. B. Morton, Mr. Herbert Marriott, Mr. and Mrs. John Massey, Mr. Geo. L. Mickle, Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Manning, Miss Manning, Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Macklem, Mr. F. H. Menzies, Mr. and Mrs. Jas. Massie, Miss Massie, Mr. and Mrs. Ed. Morgan, the Misses Morgan, Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Marsh, Miss Marsh, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Mowat, Miss Murphy, Mr. Wm. R. Miller, Mr. F. M. Meredith, Mr. E. Morris, Miss Morris, Mr. W. J. MacDonell, Mr. and Mrs. Thos. R. McInnes, Mr. and Mrs. F. McKelcan, Rev. D. J. and Mrs. Macdonnell, Mr. and Mrs. Macdonnell, Sir David and Lady Macpherson, Justice and Mrs. McMahon, the Misses McCutcheon, Miss Macdonell, Mr. and Mrs. Macdonell, Mr. and Mrs. Bruce McDonald, Mr. and Mrs. Hugh McDonald, the Misses McDonald, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Macdonald, Mr. Chas. McDonald, Hon. and Mrs. Alex. Mackenzie, Mrs. and Miss Mackenzie, Miss Edith Mackenzie, Mr. M. Mackenzie, Capt. W. B. and Mrs. McMurrich, Mr. and Mrs. W. G. McWilliams, Mr. and Mrs. W. Maculloch, Dr. G. R. McDonagh, Mr. A. D. McLean, Miss and the Misses McLean, Dr. and Mrs. Macfarlane, Mr. and Mrs. Thos. McCraken, Miss McCraken, Mr. and Mrs. Geo. McMurrich, Mr. and Mrs. McLaren, Mrs. D. T. McKellar, Miss and the Misses McKellar, Mr. John A. McKellar, Mr. and Mrs. A. C. McCracken, Mr. and Mrs. A. A. Macdonald, Mr. and Mrs. D'Alton McCarthy, Miss Ethel McCarthy, Mr. and Mrs. Grant Macdonald, Mr. Reginald Macdonald, Capt. Macdougall, Mr. L. L. McMurray, Mr. and Mrs. John A. Macdonnell, Mr. and Mrs. J. Laurin McMurray, Mr. L. S. McMurray, Mr. Donald Macdonald, Hon. and Mrs. Jos. Macdonald, Miss Macdonald, Misses A. A. and J. F. Macdonald, Mr. Darcy M. McMahon, Miss Mackenzie, Mr. G. S. McIlonald, Mr. and Mrs. W. M. Macpherson, Mr. D. H. Macpherson, Mr. and Mrs. Donald McKay, Mr. Gordon McKay, Mr. D. S. McInnes.

Lieut.-Col. and Mrs. Newbyging, Mr. and Mrs. Wallace Nesbitt, Mr. and Mrs. Albert Nordheimer, Dr. and Mrs. R. E. Nevill, Mr. and Mrs. Newton, Mr. W. V. Newton.

Lieut.-Col. and Mrs. Otter, Miss Otter, Dr. and Mrs. Oliphant, Mr. T. Ogilvy, Justice and Mrs. Osler, Miss and the Misses Osler, Mr. and Mrs. B. B. Osler, Mr. and Mrs. E. B. Osler, Miss Isabel Osler, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Osler, Dr. and Mrs. T. O'Reilly, Miss Kate O'Reilly, Mr. and Mrs. Eugene O'Keefe, Mr. C. B. O'Keefe, Mr. O'Keefe, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Orr, Miss Orr, Dr. and Mrs. Chas. O'Reilly, Dr. and Mrs. W. H. Oliphant, Dr. and Mrs. Peter Ogilvie, Miss Ogilvy, Miss Ogilvy, Mr. L. R. and Miss O'Brien, Mr. and Mrs. Henry O'Brien, Mr. A. H. and Miss O'Brien, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Osler.

Mr. and Mrs. T. C. Patteson, Mr. Justice Proudfoot, the Misses Proudfoot, Miss Pechall, Mr. and Mrs. Proctor, Mr. and Mrs. Percival, the Misses Parsons, Mr. and Mrs. F. V. Philpott, Mr. and Mrs. H. V. Payne, Mr. Dickson Patterson, Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Patterson, Miss and Mrs. Patterson, Miss Paterson, Mr. and Mrs. A. G. Pearson, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Pellatt.

Mr. C. E. Romain, Mr. C. E. Baynes Reid, Mr. F. J. Roche, Mr. and Mrs. Alex. Rankine, Mrs. and Miss Robarts, Miss G. Robarts, Mr. A. W. Robarts, Mr. H. P. Robarts, Mr. Richardson, Mr. and the Misses Rutherford, Mr. Ed. C. Rutherford, Mr. R. Percy Rutherford, Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Reeve, Mr. H. J. Reeve, Roberts, Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Riordan, Mrs. and Miss Roger, Miss Robinson, Mr. and Mrs. Chris Robinson, Mr. D. B. Read, Mr. Owen Hughes, Mr. John F. Ridley, Miss Ridley, Mr. Beverley Robinson, Miss Robinson, Mr. Napier Robinson, Mr. D. J. Raymond, Mr. W. O. Raymond, Justice and Mrs. Robertson, Miss Robertson, Mr. H. N. Roberts, Mr. and Mrs. A. F. M. Roberts.

Mr. M. Sweetnam, Rev. Dr. Scadding, Prof. and Mrs. Goldwin Smith, Mr. W. B. Bridgeman Simpson, Dr. and Mrs. Snelling, Mrs. Strachan, Col. and Mrs. G. A. Sweney, Mr. and Mrs. G. F. Shepley, Mr. John Strachan, the Misses Strachan, Mr. and Mrs. John Seath, Mr. Geo. A. Stinson, Mr. G. B. Sweetnam, the Bishop of Toronto and Mrs. Sweatman, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Smith, Mr. and Mrs. Syden, Mr. H. J. Scott, Mr. C. N. Shanley, Mr. W. W. Strathy, Mr. and Miss Sullivan, Dr. and Mrs. Sheraton, Mr. Spratt, the Misses Spratt, Mr. and Mrs. Symons, Messrs. D. T. and John Symons, Capt. J. T. Symons, Mrs. and Miss Swabey, Mr. C. Swabey, Mr. and Mrs. John Small, Mr. John T. Small, Mr. Sydney Small, Mr. and Mrs. Larratt Smith, the Misses Smith, Edmund Jas. E. Smith, Mr. Herbert Smith, Mr. W. A. Smith, Mr. Austin Smith, Mr. and Mrs. G. B. Smith, Miss Carrie Smith, Mr. W. Spratt, Mrs. and Miss Small, Dr. Stevenson, Mr. J. W. Sears, Mr. Hailey Stewart, Lieut.-Col. and Mrs. Shaw, Rev. D. G. and Mrs. Sutherland, Dr. and Mrs. Ed. W. Spragge, Mr. E. Snarling, Mr. A. P. Sherwood, Mrs. Ethel Sherwood, Miss Shanley, Miss Seymour, Mr. D. W. Saunders, Mr. and Mrs. Jas. F. Smith, the Bishop of Algoma and Mrs. Sullivan, Mr. and Mrs. Villiers Sankey, Miss Ethel Sankey, Mr. and Mrs. C. J. R. Sterling, Mr. R. F. R. Strange, Miss Constance Stanton, Mrs. John A. Stevenson, Mrs. Arthur Stevenson, Rev. H. and Mrs. Symonds, Miss Short, Miss Street, Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Scarth, Miss Strange, Miss Strathy, Miss Stuart.

Mr. and Miss Tully, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Townsend, Mr. and Mrs. Thornton Todd, the Misses Todd, Major-Gen. and Mrs. Thacker, the Misses Thacker, Mr. L. A. Tilley, Mr. R. W. Thomas, Mr. J. A. Tarbutt, Dr. and Mrs. Thorburn, Miss Thorburn, Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Thompson, the Misses Thompson, Miss Gertrude Thompson, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Thomson, Miss Thomson, Messrs. W. L. and A. M. Thomson, Dr. and Mrs. J. A. Temple, Mr. and Mrs. Robert B. Temple, Miss Mary Temple, Mr. and Mrs. Chas. R. M. Temple, Miss Gertrude L. Temple, Mr. and Mrs. Philip Todd, Mr. and Mrs. A. P. Tippet, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Totten, Miss Tilley, Miss Thomas.

Rev. E. Harcourt Vernon, Mr. and Mrs. L. Vankoughnet, Mr. and Mrs. T. J. Vickers, Miss Vickers, Messrs. J. A. D. and E. A. Vickers, Major Vidal, Mr. W. W. Vickers, Mr. and Mrs. VanderSmissen, Miss Veals, Mrs. and the Misses Vankoughnet.

Dr. Daniel Wilson, Captain and Mrs. Eyndhurst Wadmore, Mr. and Mrs. Chas. W. Wagner, Mr. and Mrs. Page Wadsworth, Miss Wadsworth, Mr. and Mrs. J. W. G. Whitney, Mrs. F. A. and Miss Whitney, Mr. A. H. Whitney, Miss Wilson, Mr. George Montague White, Mr. and Mrs. G. G. Wood, Mr. and Mrs. Ed. Wragge, the Misses Wragge, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Wyld, Mr. and Mrs. Ramsay Wright, Rev. F. M. Webster, Mr. and Mrs. B. E. Walker, Mrs. and Miss Wyatt, Mrs. W. Winn, Rev. Geo. M. and Mrs. Wray, Mr. and Mrs. Aubrey White, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Wickham, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Wade, Mr. Mr. A. Ward, Mr. C. A. Welder, Mr. and Mrs. Harton Walker, Mr. and Mrs. H. M. Watson, Sir Adam and Lady Wilson, Mrs. Wilkie, Mr. and Mrs. H. J. Webster, Mr. H. F. Wyatt, Dr. and Mrs. D. J. Gibb Wishart, Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Wood, Miss Wood, Mr. and Mrs. Percy Wood, Mrs. W. W. Wood, Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Wilkie.

Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Yarker, Miss Yarker, Miss Maud Yarker, Mr. and Mrs. James W. Young, Miss Yarwood.

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The dresses! Ah! who ever witnessed a greater display of choice millinery and feminine beauty at one gathering before! It baffles one to describe, nor could I attempt to name all, or nearly all, the exquisite toilets that pleased and dazzled the eye. Madame did itself justice last night, and sent not a little to contribute to this effect. Mrs. Frank MacKelcan looked resplendent. There was no handsomer married woman in the rooms, although she had many rivals. Mrs. Jack Hendrie, from the same place, with her fairer and blonde beauty, was one of the many. She wore white. Mrs. Hugh J. Macdonald was a welcome and attractive guest in white brocade and jet, and her sister, Mrs. Albert Nordheimer, looked her usual handsome, beautiful self. What more can I say for her? Mrs. De Lisle outshone many in pale blue velvet bodice and train, petticoat of brocade. Mrs. George Crawford appeared remarkably handsome in pink silk, en train, trimmed with flowers. Mrs. E. D. Armour, the bride, came in her wedding dress, as also did Mrs. H. K. Merritt. The latter was a rich and handsome gown of cream satin and lace. Others who donned the bridal gown again were Mrs. Arthur Ogilvy, white water silk; Mrs. Harry Paterson, cream satin and lace and brocade; and Mrs. Dr. Johnson. Mrs. Harcourt Vernon, who is making herself extremely popular in Government House, was in white and yellow satin with yellow daisies and ribbons. There were a great many white tulle frocks, but Mrs. J. K. Kerr's with bodice of moss green and ribbons of the same, was one of the smartest. Her diamonds worn with this added greatly to the appearance. Miss Marjorie Campbell was a most beautiful, if a you hful hostess. She wore white tulle also, trimmed with yellow ribbons. Mrs. W. Gwynne had on a handsome gown of yellow moire en train, which was undoubtedly becoming. Mrs. Meyrick Bankes was in white crepe and flowers. Miss Bunting was charmingly attired in white satin and tulle, as also was Miss Mabel Heward. The two Misses Benson of Port Hope, the younger one a beautiful debutante of the season, wore coffee brown. Miss Emma having the contrast of a dark green velvet bodice and green ribbons. She wore her hair in the Greek style, particularly becoming to her. Other remarkably pretty gowns were Miss Beatty's black lace skirt, with a terra cotta silk bodice and ribbons; Mrs. John Heward, yellow corded silk; Miss Lucy Macdonald, heliotrope fancy gauze; Miss Maude Maclean, white tulle; Miss Hodgins, white tulle and feathers; Miss Annie Howden, Millbrook, heliotrope gauze; Miss McInnis, Montreal, white.

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Miss Marjorie Hendrie of Hamilton wore a gown of heavy white satin, and her younger sister, crushed strawberry silk and net. They looked remarkably stylish. Mrs. W. Macpherson, pink satin and lace with pearls; Miss Isabel Osler, yellow moire en train; Miss May Dawson, white tulle; Miss Yarker, eau du Nile tulle; Miss E. Yarker, white tulle and ribbons, Miss Maud Cawthra, heliotrope marvelleux; Miss Eva Morris, pink satin, bead trimmings; Mrs. Oliver Mowat, black velvet with diamond ornaments; Mrs. Henry Cawthra, black velvet with old lace; Mrs. H. D. P. Armstrong, a combination of apple and moss green velvet, trimmed with apple blossoms; Mrs. Victor Armstrong, brown velvet trimmed and train,

(Continued on Page Eleven.)

THE EVENT OF THE SEASON.

OUR GREAT REDUCTION SALE OF

Ladies', Misses' and Children's Mantles

Over Fifty Thousand Dollars Worth at Cost for the Next Thirty Days.

This is a thoroughly genuine sale at reduced prices. Our stock is much larger than it ought to be, and must be turned into CASH BY JANUARY 1st, 1888. This is a grand opportunity for Bargains.

S. Rittman & Co

Manufacturers and Importers, 218 Yonge St. and 488 Queen St. West.

CHINA HALL

49 King Street East, Toronto.

HOLIDAY GOODS.

Five o'clock Cups and Saucers,
Five o'clock Tea Sets,
Five o'clock Teapots and Ke les,
Biscuit Jars and Cheese Covers,
Honey, Marmalade and Butter Pots,
Fancy Jugs, Teapots and Teapot Stands,
Fish, Game and Oyster Sets,
Cut Glass Table Sets, fine assortment,
Table Ornaments, fine variety,
Breakfast

Supremacy.

The large engraving on this page tells its own story so well that it scarce needs letterpress exemplification. The flashing eyes of this dusky queen of the tigers' den show plainly the strong will and unyielding determination that has conquered these sullen and treacherous brutes and still holds them in check. But let her show the slightest weakness or the faintest fear and in an instant almost her fair form would be torn into a thousand atoms.

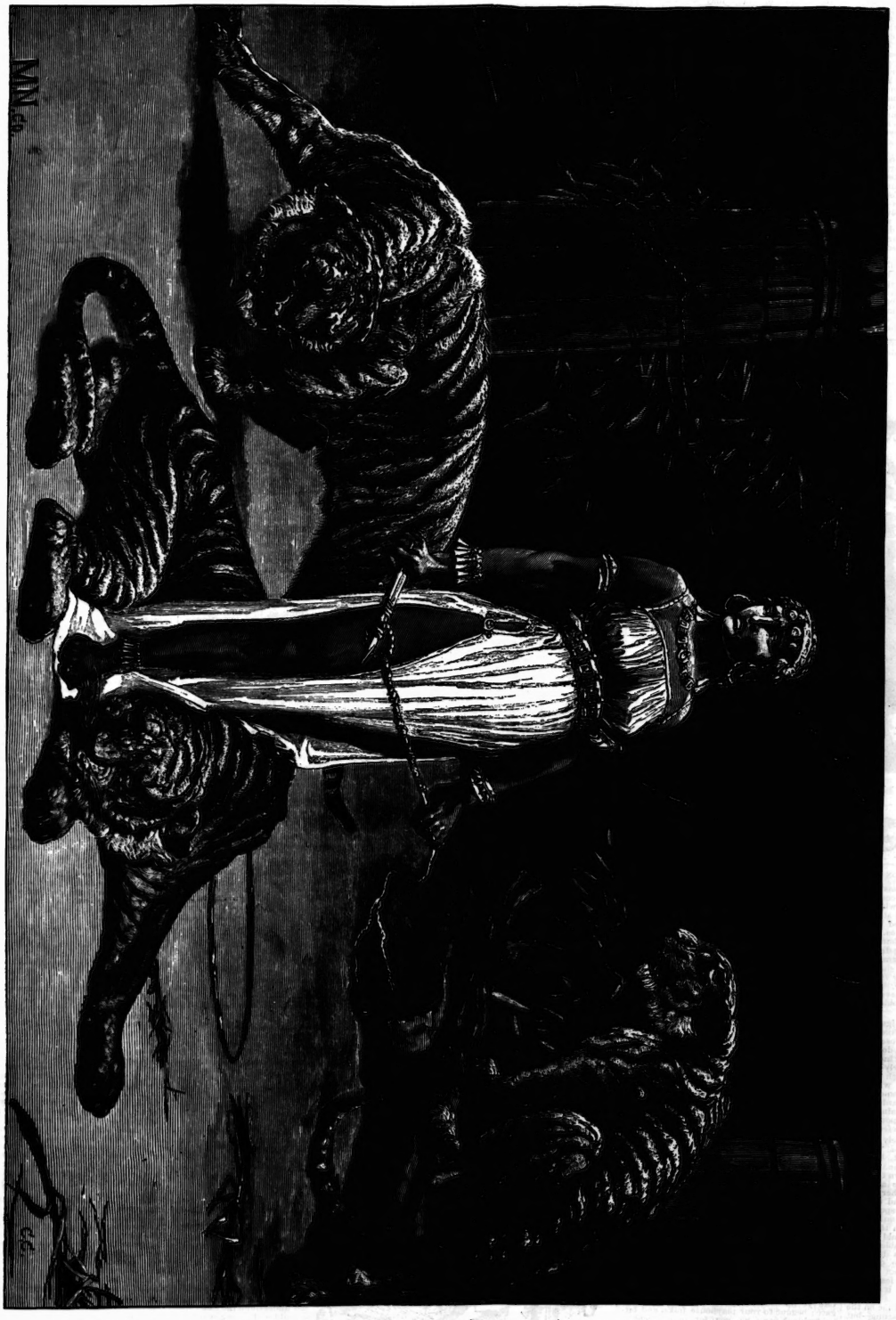
I flew a kite one day against a strong wind. That was years ago. It sailed high and my young heart was glad. It soared above and beyond so high up in that great blue dome that I fancied it would never come down again. But it did. I hauled it down inch by inch, and put it in the hall over night.

Some one passing thrust a careless foot through the paper.

The next day I tried to fly my kite again. It went up all right, but presently the wind ripped through that gaping hole and my kite came down a mass of ribbons.

Now, you may think this trivial, but it isn't. It's always the first break that does the mischief. What follows is only a matter of moments. If a man didn't drink the first glass he would never get drunk, if he didn't get in the water he would never be drowned and if some goth had not disrupted the internal economy of my kite, it would be a bully good kite to-day.

It's right on this same old hard-boiled principle that the young woman in the picture does business. She is all right just now, but should she forget herself for a moment and get scared by the baleful gleam in the eyes of the brutes about her, there will be a grand transformation scene and the tigers will wade in human gore.—S.



THEIR QUEEN'S SUPREMACY.

Before the Fire.

The fire upon the hearth is low,
And there is stillness everywhere,
Like troubled spirits, here and there,
The flickering shadows come and go—

An easy chair, a briar pipe, a pair of big slippers that allow for corns and bunions, a wood fire in the grate and no lamp in the room. This is comfort. The flames leap up and die, the room is bright as day for a moment and ruddy—the next the far corners are dark, and drear shadows lurk between my outstretched legs, and beneath the table my dog, a Scotch terrier, who has traits in common with the wicked when no man pursueth, and is withal a most affectionate brute, snores and snoozes in blissful, dreamy warmth on the sheepskin rug at my feet. The red damask curtains are drawn close and the small room is snug and cosy.

The big stick at the front is snapping cheerily and throwing out long tongues of brilliant flame that crimson everything and cast quaint silhouettes on the wall; behind it is a small round stick of some hardwood—ironwood, I think—which blazes on contentedly in a humble way, without making so much fuss and splutter as its larger brother. About them both is a bed of coals—ruddy, glowing coals—which ever and anon grow gray and lifeless and slip in ashes through the iron bars.

There is a cloud of smoke above me. That noble old briar of mine, burnt and blackened as it is, loses none of its virtue or sterling worth with the years that have passed since its virgin amber first touched my lips. The best of friends, this briar—sees and hears much but says nothing; betrays no secrets; is always sympathetic, full of consolation and never wants to borrow money. What a friend!

If I could see the smoke-cloud rising from my lips I know I should trace in it the same features that are laughing at me from the coal bed—dark, passionate features these, warm with the fervor of love, ruddy with the glow of health, passionate, wild, delirious, frenzied—Hers.

Never mind where I met her or how. It makes no difference, and if I told you it might lead you to a knowledge you are better without. She was a tall, passionate, imperious woman, dark as a thunder-cloud, bright as a lightning-flash, lovely as a blood-red rose and as clever as the devil. Her black eyes snapped with the joy of existence, her figure was as stately as a Juno and as perfect as a Venus, her mind was as quick as a flash and as bright as a mirror and from her lips, mingled with her passionate kisses, fell mighty truths that will tumble down the cascade of eternity.

And this woman told me she loved me—actually told me she loved me—me, a raw-boned, gawky country lad, dunce and dreamer, farmer and fool, idealess, lifeless, an animated corpse, existing only and content to exist.

That is, before I met her. After that, of course, it was all changed.

She opened up a new world to me. She roused me from my lethargy. She showed me something beyond the cobalt sky, the golden corn fields and the green meadows. She played on a lute of worldly wisdom, and I danced the mad capers of the motley fool. My cap and bells jingled at her smile, and I pranked at her coquettish laugh.

It was a good thing for me I think. I was rapidly degenerating into a cross roads sentimentalist. I had gone into rhapsodies over fresh buttermilk, she fired my blood with champagne; I had worshipped at the shrine of wild honeysuckle and pinks, she saturated my senses with Marechal Niel roses and swooned them with somnolent poppies; I had existed in pastorals and platitudes, she made me live in love and well nigh perish with pain.

Twenty years ago now, yet her face in the embers has the same passionate glowing, the same fires lurk in her lustrous eyes, the same smile, mocking but enchanting, hangs about her bursting lips. After all this time I can't think of her without a quickening of my staid old pulses and a throbbing of my heart. Though it is winter, I live again in the amorous summer, the drowsy buzzing of the bees rings in my ear, the lazy sunflowers nod tranquilly to the hay-scented breezes that whisper to them, the patient hollyhocks sway with them in company and the song birds—

God! If I could only get the drone of that summer out of my ears and the pain of its memory out of my heart.

But I can't.

It comes back as persistently as the man you owe money to.

It haunts me like a wild nightmare or a troubled dream.

Did I love her? of course I loved her. Do you suppose it would worry me this way if I didn't love her? Why, man, I worshipped her. I shrined her on a pedestal, I poured my fancies and troubles into her willing ears and drank deep at the font of her wisdom and cruel cleverness. I gave her all my young affections, my purest hopes, my best aspirations—I dreamed of our future, her's and mine—and

She told me she loved me!

You can call me a sentimentalist now if you like. You can tell me I am as full of foolish dreams and fancies as when I wooed this woman, that I am not a man of the world or I would long since have forgotten her, that life's saddest memories are those we should forget. I can't help it if you do. I cannot forget her.

It ended of course as these things generally do end. She left the place and I, fired with new ambitions and filled with new dreams, came into the mad swirl of city life; came away from the cool green and the dozing wheat fields to the dust and bricks and unending clang.

When I read of her marriage in the papers, I thought my heart would break. I became a cynic, a bitter cynic. That is what I am now. You who read can note that.

And yet I can't forget her voice or her face, or the cinq pace of that sensuous summer.

I wonder what good it does a woman to win a man's life—to lead him on to love her, to make him dream of her face and bind up his heart and soul in her eyes and smile. Was ever anything more inhuman? Was ever—

A tender arm steals gently about my neck, cool lips press my forehead lovingly, a soft hand pats my head, a mass of golden hair tumbles before my face in rich profusion to spread before me in a glistening, golden veil, softer than softest silk, and a sweet, low, caressing voice murmurs:

"Dreaming again, dear?"

"Yes, my love," I answer. "Dreaming again."

"And what has my precious old hubby been building castles about now?" she asks, as she seats her dainty self upon my knee and turns the battery of her candid blue eyes upon me.

"Of a thousand things, my darling. Of my boy days before I met *you*."

(Instead of stars, kisses.)

There is silence for a time. Then:

"Molly."

"Yes, dear?"

"Have you been watching that fire, my love?"

"No. Why? Does it need fixing."

"No, dear. I was only wondering."

For the big stick in front has burnt itself out with its brilliant blaze, and has long since dropped to ashes, but at the back the little stick of ironwood burns still and steadily, not with the fiery brilliancy of its brother, perhaps, but in a cosy, cheery, pleasant way which indicates that it will last for a long time yet. And I am no longer a sentimentalist. SIFFS.

A party was given at 214 Wellesley street by Mr. and Mrs. Dixon in honor of Miss Stewart of Newnham who is paying them a visit.

Mr. J. E. Verral, nephew of Ald. Verral, accompanied by his bosom friend, Mr. Ben Smith of Brockton, sailed from New York per City of Chicago, on a pleasure trip to the Old Country, but presumably for the purpose of hunting for Welsh ponies amongst the mountains of that picturesque principality. Their return may be looked for in the early spring.

She Had Been There.

"Gerty, did I show you this engagement ring of emeralds and diamonds that Charlie Brown gave me?"

"Oh, I have seen it before."

"Seen it before?"

"Yes, when I was engaged to him last year."

SECOND HALF OF THE TWO-PART STORY.

Elfie: a Barrister's Story

By JOHN COLEMAN.

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES GREEN.

III.

ROMEO AND JULIET.

Our worthy manager had succeeded in inducing another victim to join us, in the shape of a new leading lady—goodness knows, it was not before we wanted one. Miss Victoria Fitzsnow was a stylish, beautiful young girl, but a perfect novice, and gave little or no indication of the great ability which afterwards enabled her to attain so distinguished a position. However, such as she was, with her fine person, and her splendid wardrobe, she was a great acquisition to our slender resources, and enabled us to play The Lady of Lyons, The Bride of Lammermoor, and other plays of an amatory and attractive character, with a certain amount of respectability—not that any one ever came to see us act. We acted to a perpetual round of empty benches; indeed, had it not been for Donald, and Elfie, and sometimes the Sibyl, we should have had no one in the house at all. Of course, our friends were on the free list—a privilege they steadily availed themselves of, for they rarely or never missed a performance. Night after night, they insisted on taking us home with them; their bounciful suppers frequently enough doing duty for dinner to-day, and breakfast to-morrow. On these occasions, Donald was loquacious enough—so was the Granny; Elfie, however, rarely opened her mouth, except to express her dislike for Miss Fitzurse, for whom, from apparently some inexplicable reason, she cherished the deadliest aversion.

Our new leading lady's family were in affluent circumstances, hence she was quite independent of our miserable resources. The disparity of our positions was only too apparent, and I felt it bitterly. Through acting all the opposite parts, we were continually thrown together, and as we had no stage manager our rehearsals were necessarily very loose and imperfect.

"I SAW ELFIE GLARING DOWN UPON US FROM THE ROCK ABOVE."

Miss Fitzurse occupied the best rooms in the inn, and she frequently asked me to come and run through some important scene with her. She was most hospitable, and did not stand on conventionalities, hence it often ended by her inviting me to stay and dine, or take tea. I have already said that she was remarkably handsome and, of course, she knew it; she sang divinely, and she knew that, too; she had ingratiating manners, an amiable disposition, and she was a bora coquette. She had only a few months' advantage of me in the score of age, but she made the most of it. Since then, I have noted that in some things women are ages older than men.

As for Elfie, her innocence and her ignorance were alike astonishing—but her instincts! It has been remarked by a sagacious observer of the feminine gender, that women and dogs, and the lesser animals, never err in their instincts. Elfie hated Miss Fitzurse instinctively—hated her with the unreasoning hatred which women only feel for women. The latter, who had spotted the superb gipsy the first moment she saw her in our rural theater, regarded her beauty with the complacently disdainful admiration she would have bestowed upon a dog, or any of the lesser animals before referred to.

For myself, I dwelt in a strangely mixed atmosphere of conflicting emotions. I was never really disloyal to the absent, but my admiration for the beautiful drew me towards those who were present. I was drawn towards the one by our sympathy of taste and our common ambition; towards the other by her youth, her innocence, her beauty—and (shall I own it?) by her undisguised yet speechless admiration for me. If I could slip out of my own skin and sit in judgment upon the boy I was then, I fear that the verdict would be that I was a complex, purposeless, amiable young idiot, whose vanity, or perhaps his desire of pleasing other people, led him to do very foolish things. Certainly I was not wicked enough to seek temptation; but I fear I was weak enough not to resist it when it came in my way.

There was a star which marshaled me on the road to Heaven—that was my darling—but there was a Will o' the Wisp on the one side and a meteor on the other, both of which beckoned me down the primrose path.

Elfie could neither read nor write; I tried to teach her both accomplishments. I failed in my task—but, alas, I fear I taught her something else. If the day was wet or miserable, she eagerly availed herself of the pretext to stay at home. At these times, I would sit and read to her—Rob Roy, or Guy Mannering—and she would crouch at my feet, fix her great eyes on me, and drink in every word I uttered—living for the time in another world. When I had finished, she would shiver and shake, and start to her feet, and rapidly moving away, occupy herself about the house affairs. Miss Fitzurse had two or three choice volumes of Tennyson, and Mrs. Browning—then both new to me; and I found myself reading to her In Memoriam, Œnone, or The Princess, or Lady Geraldine's Courtship, or The Sonnets, from Camoens, and she was an eager and delighted hearer.

At this distance of time I may say, without vanity, that I had a musical and sympathetic voice, and read well. Sometimes the inspired utterances of the poet brought tears in both our eyes, at other times heating, our pulse throbbing; when our eyes met, she crimsoned, I turned pale. It is a dangerous thing for young people of the opposite sexes to read poetry together—especially if the poetry be of the amatory order. It is even more dangerous when they sing together. As I have said, the fair Fitzurse was an admirable musician, and was not amiss. I can remember, even now, her singing "Home they brought her warrior dead." This always affected me to tears, and made me feel inclined to say or do foolish things.

I confess candidly I was an emotional young fool, and no more fit to be trusted alone with a pretty woman than cream within the whiskers of a cat. To do her justice, my fair Juliet always came to earth sooner than I did, for I was ever a bit of a dreamer. Decidedly we were drifting into a perilous position.

At first I mentioned both Victoria and Elfie in my letters to London. Then I avoided all mention of either. I began to think this a bad sign. Miss Fitzurse became distraite and fractious, I became embarrassed, while Elfie became stranger than ever. At times she was angry without rhyme or reason, and would neither speak, nor even look at me.

At length matters reached a climax.

One afternoon, tempted by a glorious sunset, Victoria and I (by this time it had got to "Ernie" and "Victoria," another dangerous sign!) were strolling along the shore together, amusing ourselves by picking up shells and pebbles, or "pulling the limpet fra the rock."

We had wandered a mile or more from the village, and had reached a secluded grotto beneath the overhanging cliffs, were we had more than once before run through our scenes together, indeed, only three days previous we had rehearsed, on that very spot, the last act of The Bride of Lammermoor, and elaborated the business with good effect. On the following night Romeo and Juliet was to be acted. The play had been put up at three days' notice, and we had never acted the parts, nor were either of us familiar with the words, or the business. I forget now who suggested the idea, the lady or myself, enough, that we found ourselves running through the two important scenes in which we were least perfect, viz.: the balcony, and the parting of the ill-fated lovers. We had reached the end of our al fresco rehearsal, I had exclaimed, "Farewell! Farewell! one kiss and I'll begone!"

I was suiting the action to the word, when looking up I saw Elfie glaring down upon us from the rock above, her hair disheveled, her right arm extended to its full length, her hand clenched, her eyes ablaze, her nostrils dilated, her teeth fixed! As thus she stood, erect and menacing, she recalled the image of some pythoness of ancient Isis or Osiris. The sun, pausing to make his last leap into the sea, flooded her for a moment from head to foot with his burning beams. The next, both the sun and she had disappeared into the coming night. She had disappeared as if she had sunk into the bowels of the earth or melted into the air!

My fair Juliet, who had also beheld this ominous apparition, turned pale and then flushed up crimson. Leaving the scene unfinished, we walked back to the village almost in silence.

Elfie did not come to the play that night. Her absence coincided with her mysterious disappearance upon the rocks at sunset, made me think that some accident had happened, so when the performance was over I walked around to the wynd. Upon my arrival, to my horror, I saw her crouching before the fire smoking a pipe with Grannie. It was no business of mine, but with my usual impulsive stupidity I volunteered the opinion that smoking was not a desirable accomplishment for a young girl to acquire.

Springing to her feet as if she had been stabbed, she flashed upon me that strange light from her eyes; then, in passionate tones, she exclaimed:

"Ay oh, ay oh! I ken weel enough that redheaded player huzzy is the sort o' wench for you. I'd think na mair o' putting a knife intil her, than o' wringin' the pullet's neck out—but there, I wish to God I'd ne'er seen ye. I wish I'd ne'er heard your voice, I wish I'd ne'er been born!"

With that she smashed the pipe to pieces on the ground, and rushed from the room. Surprised and discomfited I turned to the Sibyl, as I said—

"Good gracious! What is the matter with the child? What have I said or done to her that she should take on like this?"

The old woman turned round upon me like a tigress. Then smashing her pipe also, she said, or rather shrieked, as she started to her feet:

"What have ye said? What have ye done? Are ye a man or a ween? Ha' ye a man's blud in your veins, or a man's heart in your cauld body? Or are ye made of putty or plaister? Can ye na see; can ye na feel? Get out the gate; begone to your playhouse folks, and bitter bad luck gang wi' you, for your brocht it wi' you! Get out the gate, I say! Get out! And never darken my doors again wi' your evil een!"

I was so taken aback by this outburst that I simply shrugged my shoulders, and made my exit with as much dignity as I could, for my aid under such undignified circumstances. As I walked away I took stock of the situation.

That which I had seen was a love declaration of physical beauty, and in the curious study of a fresh, unformed mind, had turned into sad and serious earnest, which threatened to ripen into the Dead Sea's fruit. Elfie's eyes and looks were speechless messengers, there was no need of words to reveal her secret, it was all clear now, I could not exonerate myself from blame—for, yes—I had wavered in my allegiance to the dearest and the best girl in the world. She has forgiven me long ago, so I may as well make a clean breast of it now.

I wandered by the sea-shore till morning, and had it out with the devil, who tempted me strongly, but, thank God, I was enabled to defy him and his works.

By the time that the sun rose from the sea, my mind was made up. Henceforth no more visits to Hal's Wynd; no! nor to my fair Juliet either. Then I went home to breakfast, I found George in a state of great alarm. When I told him what had happened he burst out, "I've seen it all along, but you're so strong headed and so wrong headed I thought it best to let you have your own way. As for the fair Victoria, she's only been amusing herself with you, just to keep her hand in; but Elfie, Lord! a horse of another color altogether. We'd better get out of this, the sooner the better, so here goes."

There and then he sat down and wrote half a dozen letters.

By return of post came the offer of an engagement from the eccentric "Alick," to open at Glasgow immediately.

The boat left at twelve that day, so despatching a hasty note to Miss Fitzurse I advised her of my unexpected departure, and made my adieu; then bidding good-bye to our poor affrighted companions, I went down to Hal's Wynd with a heavy heart.

I was spared the pang of parting, for the Sibyl and Elfie had begun their rounds an hour before, and Donald was just on the point of starting after them with his inseparable companion, his cuddy, and honest Bogey. He did not appear as cordial as usual; indeed, he seemed glad to get rid of us; he promised, however, to give our kind regards to Grannie and Elfie, and so off we went, bag and baggage, to Glasgow.

What contradictory creatures we are to be sure! I had dreaded to say "Good-bye" to Elfie. And now that I was going away without seeing her I accused myself of cowardice and cruelty. Her sad face and tearful eyes haunted me all the way, and for many a day and night after. Yes, I was "gone 'durther than I had imagined!

When we reached Glasgow, George, who had occupied himself with his pipe during the whole of the journey, growled:

"Well! you are a pleasant traveling companion! You've not spoken three words since we left Helensburgh. A fig for your thoughts."

"They're not worth it."

"I'll bet a hundred to one on the gipsy! But, come, here we are in the Broomielaw. It's lucky for you, old man, that you've retired with the honors of war, and that she's not capitulated; you'd have never forgiven yourself."

"Hi! there. Cab, drive to the Theater Royal."

IV.

"DINNA FORGET!"

Our engagement in Glasgow was a settler for both of us. How we survived it without brain fever, I can't understand to this moment. Every night there were two or three new pieces, and consequently there were two or three hundred lines to be committed to memory every twenty-four hours; this involved being up studying till three or four in the morning, then our rehearsals commenced at ten, and lasted till four or five. It is a mystery to me to this day, not that we occasionally broke down, but that we didn't always break down. After some months the incessant strain, combined with old Alick's bullying, began to tell upon us both, and seriously affected my health and spirits. Certainly nothing could have been better adapted to disgust us with the profession we so loved, and I hailed my coming of age, on the 25th of November, as an emancipation from intolerable drudgery. We had both run away from home together, so we resolved to return together. I had to go to town at the beginning of the month to sign some deeds and other documents, besides which, I was to be married on the 30th. I wrote my father and told him my views had undergone a change, that I meant to resume my legal studies. By return of post I received "a little check"; George's governor also "owned up" handsomely; and we commenced preparations for our departure.

We both cherished so grateful a recollection of the kindness of our friends at Helleusburgh, that we thought it desirable to send them some little memento of our visit. To Donald we sent a sealskin tobacco pouch, a nice little meerschaum, and a couple of pounds of cavendish; to Grannie a pound of bird's eye, and a shepherd's maud; to Elfie a pound of tea, another maud, and a calamgorm brooch. I sent them with a line to Donald, telling him that we were leaving Glasgow, and sending best regards to Elfie and Grannie from George and myself.

All our arrangements were completed for starting by the eleven o'clock express. Master George had gone to say good-bye to his sweetheart, the soubrette of the theater—by-the-bye, it was not good-bye after all, inasmuch as little Lucy Brandon afterwards became— But that has nothing to do with this story.

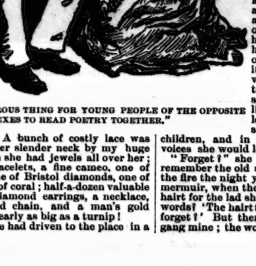
Just as I was sitting down to dinner, my landlady, a fine, jolly, ginger-headed woman, fat, fair and forty, bustled into the room and said with a smirk.

"There's a braw handsome lassie, all over silks and satins and feathers and laces, and wi' a pair o' een that'd mak' a hole thro' a twa-inch deal board, a speerin' for ye. Shall I bid her come ben?"

"By all means—show her in," I replied.

I was puzzled as to whom it could be. Silks, satins, feathers, and laces? Of course, it must be Miss Fitzurse. To my astonishment who should enter but—Elfie.

Poor child! She had silks and satins and feathers and laces with a vengeance. She had a huge bonnet, with a bird of paradise and a plume of red and white ostrich feathers; an amber satin gown, that would have stood erect by itself; a cashmere shawl like a peacock's tail; a lace parasol, a combination of odds and ends of different fashions; while as for colors, that infernal bonnet and feathers and shawl were blue and red and green, and all the hues



"IT IS A DANGEROUS THING FOR YOUNG PEOPLE OF THE OPPOSITE SEXES TO READ POETRY TOGETHER."

of the rainbow. A bunch of costly lace was fastened round her slender neck by my huge cairngorm. Then she had jewels all over her; three or four bracelets, a fine cameo, one of real diamonds, one of Bristol diamonds, one of bog oak, and one of coral; half-a-dozen valuable rings, a pair of diamond earrings, a necklace, an enormous gold chain, and a man's gold hunting-watch, nearly as big as a turnip!

Fortunately, she had driven to the place in a cab, or half the city would have been at her heels.

She could scarcely speak a word, but she timidly offered me a large bunch of flowers, for which she knew I had a passion.

I made her sit down, and without ceremony took off the atrocious bonnet and the abominable shawl. How I restrained myself from putting them on the fire, I don't know. Next I induced her to take off her jewelry; then with a white cambric handkerchief, edged with lace, pinned crosswise over her beautiful bust, a yellow rose in her hair, and a red one, contrasting with her yellow satin gown, in her bosom (both plucked from her own bouquet), she made a picture worthy of Murillo himself.

Leading her to the glass, I said:

"Do you know who that is, Elfie?"

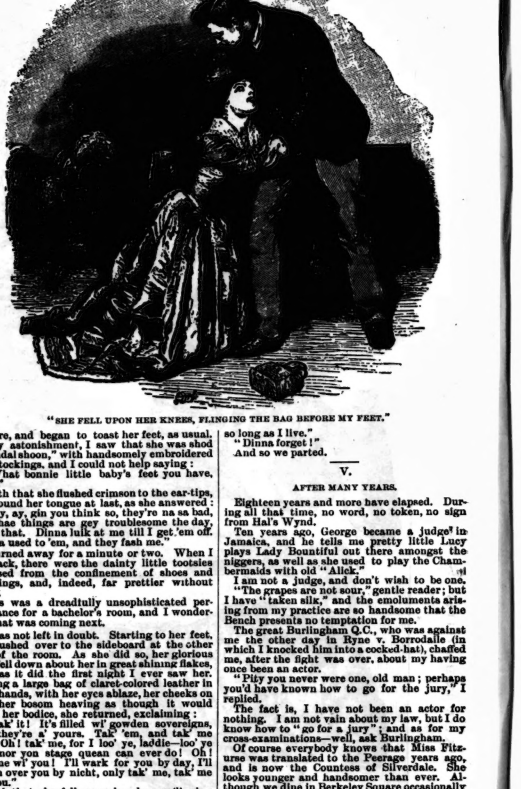
Clapping her hands, she exclaimed with childish glee.

"I'm as ugly, then, ava."

Then she appeared frightened at the sound of her own voice, and lapsed into silence.

The dinner was getting cold, so I made her take a morsel of something to eat, and urged her to take a glass of claret, but in vain, for she wouldn't taste it, then I tried to make conversation on various subjects, but she remained peristantly silent.

When the table was cleared, she sat before



"SHE FELL UPON HER KNEES, FLINGING THE BAG BEFORE MY FEET."

the fire, and began to toast her feet, as usual. To my astonishment, I saw that she was shod in sandals, tied with embroidered cerulean silk stockings, and I could not help saying:

"What bonnie little baby's feet you have, Elfie."

With that she flushed crimson to the ear-tips, and found her tongue at last, as she answered:

"Ay, ay, gin you think so, they're na so bad, but thae things are gey troublesome the day, for a' that. Dinna luik at me till I get 'em off. I'm na used to 'em, and they fash me."

I turned away for a minute or two. When I got back, there were the dainty little tootsies released from the confinement of shoes and stockings, and, indeed, far prettier without them.

This was a dreadfully unsophisticated performance for a bachelor's room, and I wondered what was coming next.

I was not left in doubt. Starting to her feet, she rushed over to the sideboard at the other end of the room. As she did so, her glorious hair fell down about her in great shining flakes, just as it did the first night I ever saw her. Seizing a large bag of claret-colored leather in both hands, with her eyes ablaze, her cheeks on fire, her bosom heaving as though it would burst her bodice, she returned, exclaiming:

"Tak' it! It's filled wi' gowden sovereigns, and they're a' yours. Tak' 'em, and tak' me tae. Oh! tak' me, for I loo' ye, laddie—loo' ye mair nor yon stage queen can ever do! Oh! tak' me wi' you! I'll wark for you by day, I'll watch over you by nicht, only tak' me, tak' me wi' you."

With that she fell upon her knees, flinging the bag before my feet, throwing her arms around me, bursting into tears, and sobbing as if her heart were about to break.

This outburst of emotion quite unmanned me, and I knew not what to do or say.

My first and most natural impulse was to soothe and comfort her. Raising her, therefore, gently from the ground, I spoke to her in soft and soothing words. Alas! at the very touch of my hand, at the very sound of my voice, the floodgates of passion burst forth. With sobs, and tears, and wild, inarticulate cries, she threw her arms around my neck, and would not be denied; she showered her fiery yet virginal kisses upon my brow, my eyes, my lips, and with prayers and piteous appeals besought me to take her with me or to kill her!

The Marble Prince in the Arabian Nights might in this position perchance have remained invulnerable; but, alas! I was impetuous, hot-blooded and one-and-twenty. Her youth, her exceeding beauty, her innocence, made her the most dangerous of supplicants. My blood caught fire from hers, and my passion upset the balance of reason. For a moment I was near being weak and wicked enough to yield to the insidious voice of the tempter, which prompted me to pluck this fair, fresh rose-bud from its stem, to put it on my breast as a plaything for a summer pastime. Thank God, the image of my guardian angel, my true and constant love, arose between us, and I was strengthened to save this poor child of nature from me, from herself.

There was no help for it: she must know the plain, straightforward, honest truth. As tenderly and gently as it could be done, I told her all. The task, however, was a hard and an ungracious one; and, though I talked for hours, I could scarce make her understand the exact line of right and wrong as we see it. Silenced but not convinced, she listened, while I tried to persuade her that some day she would be the light of a happy home, the love of an honest heart, that she would live again in her children, and in the music of their sweet voices she would learn to forget me.

"Forget!" she said, wearily. "Div ye no remember the old song Geordie sang to us o'er the fire the night ye played The Bride o' Lammermuir, when the puir lassie dies of a broken hairt for the lad she looes? Div ye no ken the words? 'The hairt that has yance loved can never forget!' But there, gang your ways, and I'll gang mine; the world's wide enough for both."

"See here, Elfie," said I, as I wrote my address upon an envelope; "whenever you're going to be married you'll just post this to me, that I may send you some little present for your wedding."

"Ay, ay," she said. "I'm hearin' you. Happen some day, when I'm past troubling ye, but not till then, you'll hear yance mair o' puir Elfie. God's guid, so they say, though why He brocht the likes o' me intil the world I canna tell."

While she was speaking she quietly plucked the feathers from her bonnet, and cast them on the ground. Then she carefully folded her shawl, and flung it over her shoulder. I placed the bag upon her arm. She took it mechanically, and turned to leave the room in silence.

When she reached the door she paused for a moment, and looked at me wistfully with the great wondering eyes, as she said:

"It's guid-bye, then."

"Good-bye, and God bless you, Elfie."

"God bless you, my bonnie laddie. Hech, dinna tak' on so, dinna luik sae sad! I'm na sorry that ye came to Hal's Wynd. I just never lived till then. Noo I sleep wi' a sonny to think of as lang as I live, that's an comfort. Come, prec my mou' yance mair. She'll na grudge me that; and, gin she does, she can never tak' it frae me noo and na man ever shall so long as I live."

"Dinna forget!"

And so we parted.

V.

AFTER MANY YEARS.

Eighteen years and more have elapsed. During all that time, no word, no token, no sign from Hal's Wynd.

Ten years ago, George became a judge in Jamaica, and he tells me pretty little Lucy plays Lady Bountiful out there amongst the niggers, as well as she used to play the Chambermaids with old "Alick."

I am not a judge, and don't wish to be one.

"The grapes are not sour," gentle reader; but I have "taken silk," and the emoluments arising from my practice are so handsome that the Bench presents no temptation for me.

The great Burlingham Q.C., who was against me the other day in Ryne v. Borrodaile (in which I knocked him into a cocked-hat), chaffed me, after the fight was over, about my having once been an actor.

"Pity you never were one, old man; perhaps you'd have known how to go for the jury," I replied.

The fact is, I have not been an actor for nothing. I am not vain about my law, but I do know how to "go for a jury"; and as for my cross-examinations—well, ask Burlingham.

Of course everybody knows that Miss Fitzurse was translated to the Peerage years ago, and is now the Countess of Silverdale. She looks younger and handsomer than ever. Although we dine in Berkeley Square occasionally (she always was hospitable!) we do not often meet. The only occasions we are sure to come across each other are upon first nights at the play. The Silverdales are always on evidence on these occasions. Usually they have a private box—we are content with a couple of stalls.

The other night (the premiere of Faust at the Lyceum) I went round to pay my devoirs to my quondam Juliet (my darling, bless her heart, isn't a bit jealous).

After the usual compliments Silverdale says:

"Last summer we went up Loch Lomond, and coming back this young lady insisted on going over your old hunting ground at Helensburgh."

"Yes," my lady chimes in. "It's so altered you wouldn't know it—twice the size it was—quite a fashionable watering-place now. And, oh! apropos of old times, my gentle Romeo, I inquired of the landlady of the hotel what had become of that handsome gipsy-girl with whom you were so intimate. You were! It's no use denying it. The faithless villain broke my heart, Fred," she said, as she laughingly turned to her husband, "and left me to wear the willow, all on account of Elfie—that was her name, I think. But, traitor, you are justly punished, for your beautiful gipsy married a gigantic Highlander, and ran away from her years ago. They have emigrated to Stornoway, in the Lewes, and she is the happy mother of a dozen red headed young Highlanders—so there's an end to your little romance, Master Romeo!"

An end to my little romance, indeed! And in memory of this quarter of a race of savages we had named our eldest born and only daughter, Elfie!

Well, well, "Life is real, life is earnest," and romance is only rubbish, or at best but "meat for babes and sucklings." For all that, somehow or other, I did not think much of Faust that night.

Anyhow it is satisfactory to know that Elfie is married and settled, and with the exception of an occasional thrashing or two, when her brawl John Highlandman (ugh! how I hate the animal!) has got more than his usual cargo aboard, she will live happy ever after. So having arrived at this eminently satisfactory conclusion, as the Countess of Silverdale pleasantly remarks,

"There is an end to my little romance."

L'ENVOI.

"RUSSELL SQUARE, December 2nd, 1885.

"The Hon. George Flistone, Demerara.

"MY DEAR GEORGE,

"An occurrence has taken place to-night of the strangest character. I am sure it will interest you, and it will be a relief to my mind to tell you of it.

"Look at the date above, and see if you remember what day it is. It is the anniversary of a day which marked an epoch in both our lives. This day twenty years ago, she—no, I mean you and I left Scotland for London.

"It is also our Elfie's eighteenth birthday, and there is a party of young people to do

honor to the occasion. I have had a busy and exhausting day in the courts (retained in three cases)! My darling (how good she is!) after dinner gave me my cosy, one, while she remains to take charge of the bairns.

"Twenty years ago!

"Only think what memories these three words evoke!

"I've been routing up my papers (not law papers—I've had enough of those for one day)! and, amongst others, I have exhumed the story of our memorable voyage to Helensburgh, which I read you when you were last here three years ago. I don't know how it is with you, but with me, although each year widens the gulf of the past, it only makes the impressions more indelible.

"I had settled down in my cosy chair before the fire here in my study to my after-dinner cigar (for, as you know, I have long sought solace in the nicotian weed) when, lo! the fire seemed to change to snow, and I saw—or thought I saw—two lads tramping over the barren, frozen moorland, or down the deserted street.

"From the blue Havana rose a mist, through which Hal's Wynd took form and shape, until it emerged, and became palpable to my senses.

"Then I saw everything—you, Donald, the Sibyl, the long, low room, the *pot au feu*, Bogey, and the great black cat.

"Clearest of all I saw Her, lying on the hearth, as we first saw her, with her limbs bare and beautiful in the firelight.

"As I gazed, lost in the wonder of it, she sprang up, paling the red glow with the splendor of her beauty and the luminance of her eyes—then she bowed down and thawed my frozen feet with her dainty fingers, as she did all those years ago.

"As she leaped to her saddle-bow, the mist melted into morning. It changed to evening as she loomed forth erect and terrible from the rock above, while a fair girl below shrank away, pale and speechless.

"Anon, she stood in the doorway yonder—clad in amber, with kerchief of white—my rose in her hair—my rose in her bosom—her glorious eyes fixed on me, as of old—but, oh! so sad—so weird—so appealing.

"Her lips trembled as if about to speak, when, at last, as I live, George, she murmured, in a sound so soft that nothing lived 'twixt it and silence.

"'Dinna forget!'

"Then the cruel crawling mist arose around her, and thickened, and thickened, shutting her out among the shadows—until, until——

"Dawson came in with a reading-lamp, and a lier by the evening post.

"Now, as you know, I receive scores of letters daily, but though the envelope of this was faded and discolored by age, I recognized it instantly, and the sight of my own handwriting made my heart stand still.

"Hastily tearing it open I found a blank sheet of mourning paper, from which there fell a long, thick tress of dark brown hair, flecked with gold, which glittered in the light—glittered as it was wont to glitter over her shoulders twenty years ago."

"Besides these I found a funeral card, on which was inscribed these words:—

SACRED TO THE MEMORY OF

ELFIE LEE

(Spinster)

Died December 18th, 1885,

AGED 38.

"*Dinna Forget.*"

"And to think that I was so base as to echo the parrot cry that 'Romance is only rubbish.'

"Ah! there is something at this moment choking at my throat, and throbbing at my heart, which gives my ribald tongue the lie!

"While I write these lines, strains of soft music, and the rhythmic tread of dancing feet, mingling with the sound of happy voices and innocent laughter, penetrates here, to my lonely study.

"Laugh on, my children—feast, dance, sing—make merry while you may—for you, is the morrow and the sunshine—for me, the eventime and the shadow.

"For this night—for this night at least, leave me with the ghosts of my dead youth.

"Friend of my boyhood, you who knew so well her innocence and truth—to you I confide this record of her constancy.

"When you return next summer, you will come with me (will you not?) to seek her grave, that she may know—that is, if the dead have cognizance of what passes among the living—that she is not—that she never can be forgotten.

"Always yours,

"ERNEST DENVIL."

A Hunter's Ill Luck.

First City Sportsman—Just back from a hunting trip I see. Get any game?

Second City Sportsman, (who did considerable unintentional killing)—N-o, I had to come home; ran out of dogs.

A Mean Question.

"The ark was built in a warm country wasn't it teacher," asked the bright girl of the class?

"Yes, what is now known as Asia Minor."

"Then where did Noah get two Polar bears from?"

Teacher (crushed)—Go down foot.

Couldn't Be Blamed.

A small boy on his first appearance in a parish school was asked if he knew the Lord's prayer. He replied that he had never heard it, whereupon an urchin at his side, with a friendly desire to excuse his ignorance, said to the teacher:

"Please, ma'am, he's a stranger from Pennsylvania."—*Unidentified Exchange.*

Why He Didn't Stop Him.

Mother (to Bobby)—I'm shocked to hear that Willie Waffles whipped the poor cat. My little boy wouldn't do such a thing.

Bobby (with conscious moral superiority)—No, indeed, ma.

Mother—Why didn't you stop him, Bobby?

Bobby—I couldn't, ma; I was holding the cat.—*New York Sun.*

Striking a Balance.

Bagley—Ha, Gagley, squaring up accounts for the year?

Gagley (gloomily—Yes.

Bagley—Hope you come out well.

Gagley—Well, I've put ten thousand into the bank.

Bagley—That isn't so bad. I don't see why you look so glum.

Gagley—Don't oh! Why, confound it, I've drawn out over thirteen thousand!

Topsical.

Teacher—Class in physiology stand up. Bodkins, how do you distinguish organic from inorganic matter?

Bodkins, glibly (having committed the answer to memory)—In the organic world every individual springs from some parent, while inorganic substances are formed by chemical laws.

Teacher—Very good. Give an example of an inorganic substance.

Bodkins (usually slow at these things but for once inspired)—An orphan.—*Life.*

The Blizzard's Work.

The new house was at best but a modest little structure, but Mayne viewed the placing of each shingle and the driving of each nail with profound satisfaction. In the sparsely settled neighborhood where "dugouts" and "shacks" predominated, a "frame" house, even though small and unpretending, was a structure of no mean importance. When it became known that Jack Mayne intended to plaster the "front room," it was pretty thoroughly agreed that reckless extravagance characterized Mayne's house building.

Except in the fashioning of the skeleton of the house and the framing of the door and window casings, the young settler had done most of the work himself, perhaps not exactly as a master mechanic would have done it, but in a way that gratified himself exceedingly.

Just now, as he hammered and nailed the little "front room," he whistled so loudly that the tune reached Dock and Jinny, the sturdy mouse-colored mules. For a moment they ceased the pleasant operation of stuffing themselves with "roughness" at the fodder stack, and answered with unmusical, braying cry.

Every now and then Mayne would pause in his nailing to caress the head of Jaggs, the gray cat, who, enthroned upon an inverted nail keg, solemnly watched the placing of each lath and nail.

"Jaggs," Mayne said, as the cat purred with grave content beneath the grateful strokings, "we've gone through trials, you and I, Jaggs, but there is a brighter day just before us."

The cat uttered a satisfied hum as if of assent.

Then Mayne sat himself down on the window sill and thought. The world had not always dealt kindly with Jack Mayne. As a boy he had been obliged to make his way unaided, and the fruits of his continued struggles had nearly all been disappointments.

Then Bessie Hamlin came into his life—little Bessie, who was certain that there was no one in this world who could compare with Jack Mayne.

But Mayne had not a dollar to share with the girl, and Bessie was portionless, living on her salary as a school teacher. So now here before them could they see a prospect that they could take each other for better or for worse without the worse largely predominating.

Then Jack Mayne departed for the west, resolved on the border to make a home for Bessie.

For nearly two years the struggle was no easy one, and often Mayne was only kept from complete discouragement by the thoughts of little Bessie Hamlin.

Especially bitter was the struggle of the first year. Planted by inexperienced hands the sod corn turned out badly. A fire guard, neglected, through ignorance of its necessity, allowed a prairie fire to destroy several rods of fence and a haystack. Sleeping in a dugout, which leaked owing to the builder's ignorance of the science of constructing such a dwelling, gave him the ague which nearly shook his life out before he got rid of it. His one cow, bought on time, partook too freely of buckeyes and died. Finally, the unexpected appearance of a cyclone necessitated the purchase of material and the erection of a new stable. And so it went on till Mayne was nigh to give up in despair.

Now there was a change.

Since the ground was no longer sod, the yield of corn was bountiful, and that of grain not a whit behind. More sod had been broken and produced an abundance of fodder. The sturdy, mouse-colored mules had been bought instead of hired, as before. Last of all, the dugout was being discarded for the new house. In another year or two Jack Mayne would pass through his season of trial and be one of the many border farmers on the high road to prosperity.

The day had been lowering ever since its dawn, and there was a chill in the air that would have reminded more fortunate men of windowless and doorless house rather uncomfortable. But Mayne, busy with his work and happy thoughts, did not even notice the weather. He hammered away, never heeding the lowering skies or the faint chill in the air. Then, as he ceased his work and sat on the sill of the sashless window, his thoughts went swiftly back to little Bessie Hamlin in the Eastern home.

"The money I sent ought to have reached her by this time," he mused, "and in a few days I'll get a letter telling me when to expect her. Then I'll post Preacher Hicks when to be on hand, and I'll send out a general invitation for the neighbors to be present at the wedding. After the supper old man Byers with his fiddle will begin operations, and we'll give them such a jollification as they have not had for many a long day. I'll go over to Adamsville on Bill Henderson's mail buckboard and meet Bessie."

A smart burst of wind with an unaccustomed keenness whirled around the corner with a dismal little whistle and sent a detatched tumble weed rolling off across the prairie. Other tumble-weeds went trundling away before the gusts that followed every now and then.

"The buckboard's pretty small for three of us," Mayne went on half aloud, "but then Bessie is not very big and I can hold her on my lap."

The puff of wind that rounded the corner just then ended in a wail as mournful almost as the cry of a tiny lost child.

Jaggs, the cat, descended from his nail keg and scudded away to the "dug out." The mules ceased to devour the fodder, and after a glance at the northwestern sky shuffled off to their stable.

"Only a few more days now," Mayne mused. "Only a few more. Then Bessie will be my wife, and we will make this new house the happiest in the county—yes, in the whole state! Poor girl, her path through life has not been a pleasant one, but God helping me it shall be in the future!"

There was a stronger and more icy gust of wind. Then of a sudden it seemed as if the light of day was blotted out. With a dull roaring rush the blizzard came, and with its impenetrable wall of powdered snow, driven along at race-horse speed, seemed to efface every particle of light and warmth. The air was suddenly cold almost in an instant, and through the windowless and doorless house the wind rushed with the speed of a hurricane, driving the hissing snow clear through the rooms, half filling them.

Mayne made his way to the open door. The snow was speeding by and the darkness was so impenetrable that he could not see the door frame at either side as he grasped it. Already he felt half numbed and his blood seemed turning to ice. He felt that he must make a herculean struggle for life or perish of the awful cold. He whirled from the doorway, only to be whirled from his feet by the force of the blast. As he struggled blindly to his feet he felt that it would be death to attempt to reach the dugout. It was only by feeling his way about in the darkness of the blinding wall of snow that Mayne was able to discover the doorway he had left. His veins seemed clogged with ice. His extremities lost the painful, freezing sensation. It seemed as if a red-hot dagger was being thrust again and again into his heart. He felt that death was near if the awful cold did not speedily moderate.

Then he forgot himself and thought only of Bessie. There in the darkness he dug down in the snow beneath the window sill where he knew the tool box to be, and extracting an awl the least his arm done sought for snow more and slowly scratched some word on the floor. Demon fingers seemed clutching at his heart and little spots of dancing light were shooting before his sight. His head roared so within that the hiss and rush of the blizzard were shut out from his hearing.

A voice seemed roaring in his ears that Bessie, his Bessie, was dying in the snow. Hardly conscious now of anything but the idea that Bessie was in deadly peril, he dashed out into the blizzard. Soon he stumbled and fell, slowly rose, and then fell again.

Bill Henderson, the mail carrier, had just finished tying the rusty pouch securely on to the buckboard, when the landlord of the little hotel opposite the post-office appeared at his door.

"Oh, Bill!" he called.

Bill answered with a sonorous "Wal!"

"Come yere a minute 'fore you start."

"All right!"

Then Bill untied the little hog-backed Texas ponies, and they started off with a dash away from himself with acrobatic ease on to the seat of the buckboard. Executing a half circle he brought the almost unbroken ponies to a halt before the little hotel. The landlord appeared on the porch, bearing a neat traveling bag and followed by a girlish figure. At sight of her Bill Henderson doffed his broad-brim hat with as much alacrity as if the lady had expressed an imperative desire to behold his uncombed mop of hair.

"Howdy, ma'am!" he roared with a polite grin.

"You carry passengers, I believe," spoke the girl's musical voice.

"You bet—I mean yes, ma'am!" Bill stammered.

In a few moments it was arranged that the girl should take passage on the mail carrier's buckboard.

Soon, with a loud Gid dap! and a louder pop of the blacksnake whip, the team of half-wild mustangs were started. Down the street and around the corner they galloped, Bill grinning delightedly, and the girl clinging to the side of the seat with all the power of her small hands.

Presently Bill noticed this, and he pulled up the team so sharply that the girl almost lost her seated and the mustangs kicked up the dust at a great rate.

"Beg yer pardon, ma'am," Bill said. "Don't low yer used to this yere sort uv drivin'."

"I confess I am not," the girl answered, rather faintly, although she smiled, as if to show that she had not been hurt.

"That's what I 'lowed," roared Bill, delighted at his acumen in discovering the girl's inexperience.

"You are certain you know where Jack Mayne lives?" the girl asked presently.

"You bet yer life—I mean certain I do. Know his claim like a book."

A red ray of intelligence presently illuminated Bill's face.

"Air you the one?" he asked, abruptly.

"What one?" came the girl's puzzled counter question.

"Why, that thar gal—I mean the lady—Mayne's ben expectin'! Told me yistidy to keep a eye open for a lady what would come in a few days. 'Lowed he'd come over with me an' meet her. If you're the one yer sorter givin' him a s'prise, hain't you?"

"Yes, I am the one," the girl answered, pensively, "and I am giving him a surprise. I hope it will be a pleasant one."

"You bet hit—I mean course hit will!" roared Bill, with a great grin. "Pleasant! Wal, I reckon! Wen he w'a-lkin' me a-lkin' 'bout yer comin' his face lit up with a happy sort uv a light that told me more than his words did 'bout you. He didn't say nu, but I 'low thar'll be a weddin' over that-a-way soon, eh?"

Bill, delighted at his own powers of perception, grinned hugely and smote his knees with a sounding whack.

There was a soft light in the girl's eyes and a little flush on her cheek as she answered quietly:

"Perhaps."

Delighted at having an appreciative listener, Bill talked on in a steady vocal stream till the rapidity of his words kept time to the rapid hoof beats of the ponies. The sole subject of his conversation was Jack Mayne, his struggles and the dawn of his prosperity.

"Poor Jack!" the girl said softly, "How long and how bravely he has waited and worked!"

"Yes," answered Bill, "An', if I don't miss my figger, somebody else has waited an' worked, too, somewhat nigh so strong an' able to fight the world as Mayne!"

It would have been better if Bill Henderson had paid more attention to the horizon and less to the girl at his side.

A jack rabbit darted by toward the southeast with prodigious leaps. A gopher sat erect on the little mound at the entrance of his burrow and gazed for a moment off to the northwest and then disappeared head foremost in his underground retreat. To the northwest, where the earth and sky seemed to meet, a narrow white line was visible. The ponies snuffed the air critically, and then dashed away as if urged on by a living force. Aroused, Bill Henderson looked at the coming storm, and his grinning mouth closed. The white line, wider and longer, extended a little above the horizon now, and even as he looked Bill could see it increasing in size. Urged on now by blows, the little mustangs fairly flew along the prairie road.

Up, up rose the clouds, a black mass above and angry white below.

"Blizzard!" Bill answered through his clenched teeth in reply to the girl's look of anxious inquiry. "Got to git to Hi Johnson's 'fore hit gits us!"

Hi Johnson's claim shanty seemed little more than a speck far ahead. The wind came in sharp, icy puffs, and at each the mustangs leaped forward with all the vigor of their sturdy bodies.

Perhaps the girl realized but little of her danger, for beyond a slight paleness she showed no symptom of terror.

With the speed of a prairie fire the blizzard came on, shutting out with its wall of impenetrable white the landscape as it came. There was no need to urge the mustangs onward, for they ran at the top of their speed. Hi Johnson's shanty was much nearer. Then, with a hissing shriek, the blizzard was upon them, shutting out the world in an instant. The next moment the ponies swerved abruptly from the road. The wheels on the side toward the storm struck the hillock of a badger's burrow, bounded up, and the hurricane overturned the light buckboard in an instant. The wild mustangs dashed onward, dragging the vehicle with them. The girl uttered no sound as her head struck the earth, and Bill Henderson, bending over her in the darkness, found that the blow had rendered her unconscious. Taking the slight figure in his arms, Bill dashed forward through the storm. If he could but keep the proper direction there was a chance that he might reach Hi Johnson's claim. The snow clogged his footsteps, and more than once he fell only to rise and struggle onward. The awful cold seemed piercing his body like a knife.

Then he stumbled headlong into a little gully and for a moment lay still with a queer ringing in his head.

He struggled to his feet in spite of the pain in his ankle that caused him to groan aloud. In spite of it all he again lifted the unconscious girl in his arms and struggled forward, only to fall in the gully again.

Half frozen and with a sprained ankle, her weight was more than he could bear. At that point the gully made an abrupt curve and the waters in freshet time had washed against the bank till it had been worn away at its base and a little overhanging roof of sod was left. Beneath this the snow had drifted but little, and here in the darkness Bill Henderson laid the unconscious girl. Then he stumbled bravely away in the storm for Hi Johnson's cabin and the help that was there.

Half an hour later he staggered against Hi Johnson's door, and when it was opened fell into the room and lay still on the floor. Whisky speedily restored him to consciousness and told the story.

In spite of the darkness and the deadly cold a little band of searchers, consisting of Hi Johnson, his two sturdy sons and Bill Henderson, set out to hunt for the girl who lay beneath the overhanging side of the gully.

Next morning, after the force of the storm was past, and as far as the eye could reach the prairie was one vast sea of white, they found her—dead. The pure snow was all about her like a counterpane tucked by a mother's loving hands.

The searchers found Jack Mayne's body a few rods from the new house. When they laid him out, stiff and stark, on the bed in the dugout, Jaggs, the cat, rubbed softly against the cold hand that for a little while hung over the side of the bed and that had never before failed to respond to the pet's caresses.

"No dead girl was laid beside her lover. Bill Henderson's eves were dim with tears as he said gently:

"Fore God, mates! They waited so long fer each other, but their waitin' is over now."

When the warm Chinook wind had melted the snow in the new house, there was plainly visible, where Jack Mayne had scratched it on the floor, the one word:

BESSIE.

A Serenade.

She sleeps! my lady sleeps!
Let me steal softly through the dusky bowers,
And while the fragrance of the climbing flowers
In at her casement slowly, gently blows,
Let me below her happy window stand,
And touch my lute with not too light a hand,
Because, you see, she sleeps!
I do not wish that she should sleep.
I wish that through the window she should creep,
And from the balcony lean down to me.
Then strive, my lute, with eager haste to see
Which shall outstrip—the clinging flower cup
Seeking her window, or the dulcet strain
Seeking the same sweet end, and gently fain
To wake her up.

And yet—and yet—remember this, my lute:
Though I would have you wake my lady fair,
And bring her to the balcony up there,
To shine for me the evening's brightest star,
Remember this: I have no wish to wake
My lady's pa!

I prithee, dearest lute, make no mistake;
Wake her, but let not thy soft stirring break
His slumber. I would have no luckless bout,
Thrown from another window, rudely near
Thy music. It is much to ask, I know—
Yet strive, dear lute—I do entreat thee so—
To be for him a lullaby, for her
Reveille, and for me a messenger.
"But soft! what light through yonder window breaks?"
'Tis not the east! 'tis Juliet! I have won!
But dearest lute, thy task is not yet done;
Still music thy sweet persuasion, for our sakes,
Its gentle effort kindly make, to keep
Her pa asleep!

Editor's Sanctum.

Contributor—Here is a little article which I wish to submit to the editorial—

Editor (with a graceful wave of the hand)—Very sorry, we are full just now.

Contributor—Very well, I will call again when some of you are sober.—*Ex.*

Hard as Ever.

Conductor (to darkey with his head out of the window)—See here, Sambo, you pull your head in out of that window mighty quick!

Sambo—Wha-wha-what's de mattah sir!

Conductor—You'll knock down a bridge pretty soon! The company will hold me responsible.—*Epoch.*

It was Duly Honored.

At a dinner at the Mansion House three foreign consuls were present whom the Lord Mayor wished to honor by drinking their healths. He accordingly directed the toastmaster to announce the healths of the three gentlemen named. He, however, mistaking the words, gave out the following—The Lord Mayor drinks the health of the three per cent. consols. *—Salt Lake Gazetteer.*

He Was Badly Confused.

Mr. Dieudonne (rather confused after his turn with Miss Hautton)—You dawnce like a Boston girl, Miss Mary.

Miss Hautton (laughing)—Am I to take that as a compliment or not, Mr. Dieudonne? I've always heard that Boston girls don't dance very well.

Mr. Dieudonne (still more confused)—Aw, to tell you the truth, Miss Mary, they don t.—*Springfield Republican.*

A Pale Literary Man.

A pale young man has just left me. He came in with that pretended timidity behind which always lurks strong self-assertion. He went out with an air which plainly showed his dignity.

His was a literary errand. He came to sell me a large shipment of manuscript. I did not buy the shipment. He, however, mistaking my oversight on my part, but still I may never regret it. There comes more regret from buying than from declining to buy literary matter.

I explained to him that he had written a great many "pieces," some of which had been published, he remarked that he had a story on hand which he knew would please me. Oh, what a welcome visitor is the man who comes to tell us of the labor his pen has performed! "I sent my story to an Eastern publication," said he as he twisted a few hairs that grew near one corner of his mouth, "but did not succeed in making a successful dicker." Oh, what a literary expression! "The editor," he continued, "thought that I wanted to pull his leg too hard,

"Do what?" I asked.

"Pull his leg too hard—charge him too much. He liked the story. Said it was one of the finest things he ever read, but he couldn't afford to pay the price. However, he (he genuously added, "it is not my intention to charge you as much as I did him. You see, I like your paper. One of the best-edited papers in the country. Everything one finds in it is worth reading, which, you must admit, is saying a great deal, for literary publications are not what they used to be. My father used to write for the press, and I shouldn't wonder but I got the trick from him. Such things, you know, run in families. I didn't bring my story with me. Thought I'd call and see whether you wanted it or not. Always like to make sure, you know."

"Then you expect me, by having read the story, to tell you whether or not I want it?"

"Then I'll go and bring it up."

"No, never mind. I—

"No trouble at all. Glad to serve you. This is one of my loafing days."

"My dear sir," I replied, "I don't think that I will be here when you return. I have an engagement and—

"All right, then, I will tell you about it. I've got a first-rate memory, and can give you all the fine points any way.

As the foiled stage villain remarks, "Curse him!" He stood near my desk, and in consistent coercive fashion began to recite his dry rot. Of course, it told of a young man who sprang to his feet and exclaimed: "Then you will not marry me. Oh, I know you. Fool that I was. I know now that you love your cousin, Algernon L. De Lacey. I hate him (pronounced the last word, I hate him, I detegrate, fair false one, I have been thy slave, and I must go out into the cold, cold, dreary, dreary world."

"My dear sir," said I, "you must really excuse me. I left a pair of pantaloons at the tailor's shop this morning to have them patched, and I must go and get them before he closes. I am going to a fashionable reception to-night and will need them."

He paused, just in the act, I thought, of turning in his mind the twenty-seventh page, and let me to wait a moment. "There is a scene near at hand I do not want you to miss. Listen. "Your cousin has been playing a double game—much like that, will you!—a double game understand—' and I will crush him. But I cannot find it in my heart to harm a hair of thy beautiful hair shapely head. Idegrate! Fair shapely head, don't you see! The average writer would not have presented such a picture. Head being shapely and at the same time false brings up the picture in a vivid glare. "You are safe, Idegrate, but as for Algernon L. De Lacey let him beware—"

"Of the dog," I could not help but suggest.

My visitor's lips quivered. "Who said anything about a dog!" he asked in a suppressed voice. "I like to see you evince interest, but I do not care to have you anticipate. 'Let him beware, for—'

"My dear sir," said I, "it is unnecessary to prolong this recital. I do not want the story."

"Then why have you kept me here all this time reciting it! Do you suppose I haven't anything to do but to go round entertaining people! Think that my time is worthless? Your paper don't amount to anything any way. You print a lot of stuff that nobody reads, and refuse literature of merit. There are certain kinds of chuckleheads that are amusing," he added, when he had reached the door," but there fare other kinds that ought to be expunged from the record."

The pale young man is one of a very large class, bolder, perhaps, but not more persistent. The determination of some vain and inexperienced persons when, without the least training, they decide to earn bread with the pen, carries the appearance, even though softened in portrayal, of extreme exaggeration.

OPIE P. READ.

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VOL. I.] TORONTO, JAN. 21, 1888. [No. 3.

Investigating the Gas Company.

Ald. Ritchie, a member of the fire and gas committee, gave notice at the first meeting of the council that he would inquire into the quality of gas being served the city. In the daily press numerous complaints are being published showing how widespread is the dissatisfaction with the Gas Company.

SATURDAY NIGHT in starting the agitation or a more just treatment of the consumers by the company, has simply voiced the sentiments of the thousands from whom money is being extorted by means of bad gas and high prices. And they will all thank Ald. Ritchie for the interest he is taking in the matter.

The members of the fire and gas committee have every reason to bestir themselves at this juncture. The corporation is a very large customer of the Gas Company, and the fire and gas committee is that department of the municipal machine which should guard public interests in these affairs. Hitherto this Committee has apparently felt that its province was confined to making contracts for gas and seeing that the lamps were placed and kept fairly lighted without making much, if any, careful enquiry into the quality of the gas which was furnished. It is easy to see that their duty extends much further than this. How would it be if the public works committee, in giving out contracts for the laying of drains and constructing of sewers, were to content themselves with the fact that so many drains had to be laid and so much sewer constructed without any regard to the quality of workmanship or material used? It is to be regretted that even in this important department there is too much of this carelessness, but after the investigation into the soft bricks and defective construction of the Garrison Creek sewer and the condemnation of block-paving and the black-listing of certain contractors the city has at last obtained the benefit of a more general idea that public works must not only be built but that they must be well built of proper material.

This idea should be extended to the gas furnished the city. We not only want so much gas, and so many street lamps, but we want good gas, It is absurd for the committee to have been content with the information of the lamp-lighter that there were so many lamps which were lit every night. Why have they not busied themselves to see whether it was water gas—that most malignant of modern inventions for illumination—coal gas, or sewer gas that the citizens were receiving? Ald. Ritchie has a wide field for investigation, and he should be backed up by his committee, the city council and the citizens generally.

It is a part of our easy morality to make a frightful example of some poor contractor who is struggling to lay away a few dollars for a rainy day by putting down imperfect cedar blocks or using half-baked bricks. But when the conduct of some large railway corporation which is evading the law and endangering the lives of the people comes up for investigation, or when wealthy banks and loan societies which are not paying a proper share of the taxes have to be inquired into, or when the interests of the city come into collision with a millionaire street railway company or gas corporation, then it is we find how weak a thing man is and how mighty is wealth and social influence. The city will watch with interest how much there is in Ald. Ritchie and his motion. If he does not intend to be thorough and inexorable in the conduct of his investigation, for his own sake he had better have left it alone. If he acts as he should, with an intelligent comprehension of the powers of the committee, and shows the courage that his good cause should inspire, many there are who will rise up and call him blessed. Let the enquiry be into the kind of gas which is being used, the quality, the illuminating power and the pressure. Meantime the citizen will effect something by never paying his gas bill without making a mighty kick, and if there are any aspiring electric light companies who have proposals for cheaply illuminating business places, now is a good time for them to get in their work.

The Servant Girl Question.

We have received a communication suggesting a means for alleviating if not curing the great servant girl trouble. It is this: that a large number of ladies form an association in which they will pay an annual fee, the association to have its headquarters in some commodious building where a large number of servant girls could be accommodated when out of a situation. The letter contains the idea that these ladies could use their influence to get every housekeeper who employs a servant to join the association and to promise to engage no servant except she comes recommended by its manager.

This proposed association, as outlined by our correspondent, contains many good suggestions, among which is the one that the name of no servant be entered on the books until satisfactory evidence of her good conduct and honesty has been obtained from her previous place, or information as to what controversies she may have had with her former mistress causing her to leave. It is proposed to make no charge to the servant, but on the other hand to afford such free technical training as she might need. In this connection it is proposed to establish a cooking school and to afford training in laundry work without charge, and both of which branches it is thought could be made self-supporting.

Under this system if the servant were out of employment she could board in the association building at actual cost, and if she desired to have a couple or three weeks' training in the cooking school no fee would be exacted for that. Or if she work in the laundry a small allowance might be made for her services which would partially pay her board.

There is no doubt that technical training is needed by servants. It is their misfortune, as a rule, to have been brought up in at least comparative poverty, and to never have had opportunities for learning the better class of cooking, or even to do common cooking well. While our educational system is progressing in every other respect, and while the girls in some of the children's homes receive valuable knowledge in the training schools attached thereto, there is really no means of a cook learning her business except by experiment and at the expense of the purses and stomachs of those she serves. Of course, assistants to cooks working in hotels and restaurants get some training, but this does not afford opportunities for the great numbers continually engaged by households. Some such association and school of housework would do a vast amount of good, and might excite a pride and rivalry amongst servants which would make it more of a business than a drudgery. That Toronto has become so large a city, coupled with its great increase in wealth, has made it possible for good servants to get very high wages, and women who propose to make a business of cooking or laundry work might largely increase their income if they would devote a few weeks to special training. It is not easy to foresee whether an association could be formed on this basis or not. But if the idea pleases any of our readers or if they wish to discuss the matter we will be glad to receive their communications, addressed to the Household Department.

Common Confidence.

A recent poisoning case in the country is attracting some attention. The suspicions excited in this particular case suggest the frightful state into which society would be plunged had we no confidence in one another. Nothing seems so terrible as death by poison which it is suspected has been administered by someone who would profit by the death of the victim. In the lives of tyrants and rulers hated by their people the greatest nightmares is the poisonous drug. In the days before science could detect the presence of poison in the stomach it was a favorite method of disposing of obnoxious persons. It was so difficult to obtain evidence that it was almost a safe method of murder, and it is still so hard to find proof that it is wonderful so few cases occur. Amongst the millions of homes there are thousands where neither love nor confidence exists. The opportunities to inflict death by such secret and certain means are so numerous that it is proof of the goodness of humanity that so few revenges take this awful shape. Jealousy, avarice, brutal treatment and every form of hatred spring up in the unchristian heart, and pessimists sometimes believe that only fear of the law and its terrible penalties deter the vicious from accelerating the death of those who stand in the way of riches, revenge or passion. But looking at the frequent opportunities and the few who use them, it seems to contradict the theory of total depravity and to prove that there is something after the image of God in every nature—something which forgives, which suffers long and is kind. Of course, it is no great credit if people refrain from murder, but if mankind or womankind were half as bad as some people paint them, the world would be a charnel-house where now under the influence of Christianity it is much nearer a paradise of homes and happy confidence. No matter how hard people may grow or how much they may sneer at goodness or affect to believe that all mankind are false and fickle every hour they live, all they eat and drink, everything they do, proves that they have faith in their fellow men.

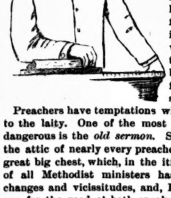
Give the Girls a Chance.

It has been an unwritten but nevertheless an imperative law that every fourth year the natural order of life shall be changed so that the weaker sex may usurp the place of the stronger, and those young ladies to whom fate has not been propitious in the matter of providing suitable suitors, may propose marriage to those young men among the many who are deemed most desirable. This is a particularly felicitous arrangement, because the woods are full of young fellows without sufficient spunkiness to take their fate in their own hands; and because, should they repulse the advances of the charming fair ones who honor them with their attentions, they are in honor bound to procure for each young lady a silk dress of such style and quality as its future owner may select. In these reasons is found the wherefore of the radiant happiness of every unmarried, but marriageable, girl in the community in this year of grace, 1888.

The conduct of the young men of Toronto is, however, most reprehensible. Instead of encouraging the timid advances of tawny blondes and passionate-eyed brunettes, they are actually giving them the cold shoulder. It is noticeable that they will not go to the theater without being properly chaperoned, they walk along the streets guarded with firearms and buttressed by bull dogs, and shun tete-a-tete chats as if they were direct sources of the evil one.

All this is very pitiful. It is not fair to the girls. If such cruel and ungentlemanly conduct is persisted in the men who issue marriage licenses will be compelled to seek the bankruptcy courts, while the country will gradually become populated with tall, thin elderly spinsters and domesticated tom cats. Many pairs of ripe and ruddy lips will be doomed to waste their sweetness on the uncongenial air of a solitary and lonely existence, and homes that might have been cheerful and happy, will stand cold, cheerless and untenanted. Talk about a financial crisis palls when confronted with the terrible possibility of a nation of wizen faced old maids and buttonless bachelors. Let us give the girls a chance.

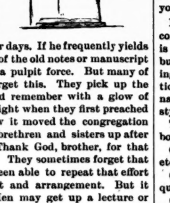
Rev. Hugh Johnston.



I feel certain I did not hear Rev. Hugh Johnston at his best, last Sunday night. He was not able to make himself strike fire, as I should imagine he can when he is thoroughly imbued with the feeling of a sermon.

Preachers have temptations which come not to the laity. One of the most insidious and dangerous is the *old sermon*. Stored away in the attic of nearly every preacher's house is a great big chest, which, in the itinerant career of all Methodist ministers has seen many changes and vicissitudes, and, I am sorry to say, for the good of both speaker and hearer, has been opened many times too often.

I had heard Bro. Johnston's announcement of the anniversary services next Sunday, and knowing that he is one of the most indefatigable pastors in the city and the greatest importer of pulpit ability in Canada, I reckoned that during the past week he had been busy preparing the programme for the great annual reunion for which Carlton street Methodist church is celebrated, and not having time to prepare a sermon, slipped quietly up into his attic, took an ancient linen coat or unused garment from a peg and dusted the lid of the old sermon chest. Need I say more? It would be cruel, and, perhaps, unjust if I hinted that he lifted the lid and selected that sermon on Matt. XIII., 23, from the frayed and yellow sheets on which the ink is half faded and from which the spirit of eloquence has forever departed.



The old sermon! How a congregation has reason to dread it! True, they have never heard it before, but the fact is the preacher can't preach it any more. No minister can take another man's greatest sermon and, off-hand, make it sound worth a cent, nor can he take a sermon, prepared years ago and unstudied since, and repeat it with either eloquence or force. I said the congregation had reason to fear the old sermon, but the preacher has still greater reason to dread the worn-out efforts of his younger days. If he frequently yields to the temptation of the old notes or manuscript he is a goner as a pulpit force. But many of our good men forget this. They pick up the yellow sheets and remember with a glow of pride the day or night when they first preached that sermon; how it moved the congregation and brought the brethren and sisters up after service to say, "Thank God, brother, for that noble discourse!" They sometimes forget that they have never been able to repeat that effort with the old text and arrangement. But it can't be done. Men may get up a lecture or stock sermon, and by six months' hard work commit it to memory and finish the elocution, so that, with nothing to think of when they meet an audience, they can rattle it off, trusting to the warmth of the congregation to start the glow within themselves. But this cannot be done with an extemporaneous or written discourse, dependent on the preacher for its inflections and its fire. Such a sermon is sure to be like warmed-up coffee—the past fires have taken all the taste out of it.

Another reason why I suspected Bro. Johnston's sermon of being one of his old-timers was its construction. I should reckon he wrote that sermon soon after he left college and before he had thoroughly applied the rules of homiletics to his pulpit work. I can say of it what cannot truthfully be said of Bro. Johnston's more recent efforts, that it was faulty in disposition, treatment and division and bore marks of the time and school which so strongly favored the Textual rather than the Topical method of presenting truth. If I were to analyse the sermon and try to place it homiletically, I would find that in his introduction he anticipated too much of his subject, that he had not followed the very wise method of writing his preface after constructing the sermon, that he had bodily mixed the Textual analytical with the Textual natural division of his exposition, that he had mixed too much of the applicatory portion with his explanation and left himself weak in his conclusion and absolutely without a grand climax, while trivial explanation and petty climaxes abounded to such an extent that they entirely lost their force. There could be no doubt of the application, yet there seemed to be a vagueness about it and the absence of any explicit object, which left the hearers without curiosity, interest or edification. At no time did there appear to be any necessity for the continuance of the discourse except that so much time had to be filled. This was caused by lack of study as to the personal application and by a dispirited and "I-hardly-need-say" manner of applying and nailing fast the truths. This was largely caused by the "old sermon feeling" that it was hardly worth repeating.

In explanatory discussion, over-division of the subject is a dangerous thing when Textual division has been adopted and the text itself, as was the case last Sunday night, is plain and simple and was indeed itself used by the Master as an illustration. But the preacher took the Textual natural division, which is useful for doctrinal exposition, but absolutely out of place in dealing with what is itself an illustration and needs nothing but the application. This is the way he handled the text, though I cannot give his exact words, having taken no notes:

The Kingdom of Heaven is like unto leaven which a woman took and hid in three measures of meal till the whole was leavened.

SUBJECT:—*The power of spiritual truth.*

Introduction:—Christ explained his truths by means of everyday illustrations.

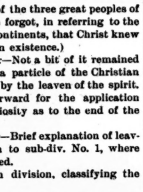
(1) *The Leaven*:—An explanation of leaven and a very discursive exposition of the double meaning of metaphors and allegorical terms, etc.

(2) *Which a woman*:—It was not strange that the Teacher should introduce a woman into the parable as it was His custom to illustrate by means of common household occurrences. (A repetition of a portion of the introduction.)

(3) *Took*:—You will observe that she *took* the leaven; it was not already in the meal, it was outside of it.

(4) *And hid*:—She buried it in the meal, did not put it on top or alongside, but hid it deep in the meal. (Some of the application was mixed in here.)

(5) *In three measures of meal*:—He supposed the "three" meant the usual quantity used, but without seeking to find too much meaning in the parable he thought in it could be found a reference to Shem, Ham and Japheth whose descendants peopled the three then known continents; the three parts of man—spiritual, intellectual and physical; the characteristics of the three great peoples of the earth, etc. (He forgot, in referring to the three then known continents, that Christ knew of every continent in existence.)



(6) *Till the whole*:—Not a bit of it remained unleavened, as not a particle of the Christian remains unchanged by the leaven of the spirit. (Again reaching forward for the application and leaving no curiosity as to the end of the discourse.)

(7) *Was leavened*:—Brief explanation of leavening, but a return to sub-div. No. 1, where Leaven was explained.

(*a*) Take in fresh division, classifying the application.

Hortatory Conclusion:—Have you got the leaven within you? Reference to grave of mother, of father, of a little one, death bed of a young man, etc.

I have given the divisions, treatment and conclusion fairly, and if they look ridiculous it is not my fault. While I heard it I could not but recall a travesty of this old style of preaching which can be found in half a dozen recitation books where this same sort of Textual natural division is applied something after this style:

Text: Old Mother Hubbard went to the cupboard to get her poor dog a bone, etc.

(1) *Old*: She was aged and probably infirm, etc.

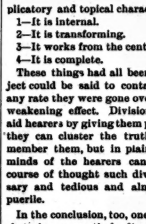
(2) *Mother*: She was a mother, and consequently affectionate.

(3) *Hubbard*: A good old family name, inserted doubtless to prove truth and identify the person.

(4) *Went*: The cupboard did not come to her; she *went* to it.

(5) *To*: She did not go from, she went *to*, etc.

(6) *The*: Not a cupboard, but *the* cupboard; she was doubtless poor and had only one cupboard, which shows the generosity of her intention to give the dog a bone, etc., etc., *ad infinitum*.



The above class of division, was followed by another classification and division of an applicatory and topical character after this style:

1—It is internal.
2—It is transforming.
3—It works from the centre.
4—It is complete.

These things had all been proven if the subject could be said to contain an argument, at any rate they were gone over twice with a most weakening effect. Divisions are intended to aid hearers by giving them points around which they can cluster the truths, and thereby remember them, but in plain topics where the minds of the hearers can readily follow the course of thought such divisions are unnecessary and tedious and almost sure to prove puerile.

In the conclusion, too, one of the first rules of rhetoric was entirely disregarded: That an audience must be gradually prepared in advance for pathetic address, but in no case must the speaker indicate his intention of trying to move the feelings, as this warning directly or indirectly given, freezes up the emotions so they cannot be aroused. There was nothing in the sermon to prepare the audience for pathos, and when the grave and death-bed effects were lugged in at the end they proved dismal failures, and the preacher could hardly retain the attention of his hearers. Rightly enough too, I thought, for the fear of death or of anything else should not be the leaven which should leaven the whole lump. Love is a much more potent influence, but this was only introduced indirectly.

I am afraid Bro. Johnston will think I am over critical, but these articles would be worthless if I did not speak my mind, even if I am wrong. I like him very much personally and as a pastor and a diligent worker. Every church he has ever held proves him to be full of energy and good works and where he is now, the people are very fond of him.

As it was the last Sunday of their year, Mr. Irving Walker, the church steward, made his annual statement, and did it in such a natural and humorous way, that every one felt and looked good-natured, even though he was telling them to be more liberal in future. Figures are dry things, but Mr. Walker made them interesting. I never heard an amateur speaker get into the pulpit and talk better or more humorous English, and though it was getting late, every one seemed sorry when he was through. The church is in excellent financial condition, and has given up $18,000 for the good work this year.

Reference was made in the statement to some proposed alterations in the organ. They are needed, and when being made should include a change in the mirror in front of the organist. The pleasant and talented little gentleman who presides at the organ, on account of his small stature, has to hustle himself when he is playing; and it is too funny to watch the performance as reflected in the mirror. Though the church is comfortable and elegant, I don't think the location of the choir and pulpit a very fortunate arrangement. A handsome lady, with a red bonnet and splendid voice, was right behind Bro. Johnston, and as I strove to follow his odd division of his subject, the red bonnet seemed gradually to blend with him till it almost appeared part of his headgear.

Another thing, the pulpit is too small. Bro. Johnston is a good reader and is graceful and cultured in his gestures and there is nothing in him when speaking to divert the attention from his subject, but when he kneels to pray and has his back to the audience, he is too conspicuous. He almost seems to be looking over the railings at the fair choristers, and while the visiting brother was praying last Sunday night, at great length, the pastor as he frequently changed from one knee to the other and then rested his weight on both knees and then lifted himself by his arm and took the one-knee posture again, was far too noticeable and must have made everybody, who did not shut their eyes or bury their faces, sympathize with his suffering knees.

I make bold to offer these suggestions because I think they will be accepted in the spirit in which they are given. The stranger is always more observant than the *habitue*, and as a visitor I think I can speak for the average transient. Little things sometimes distract the attention, and furthermore in looking over the congregation last Sunday night it struck me that the men I saw could and would appreciate more depth and thoughtfulness than was given them in the sermon I have taken the liberty of criticising. People nowadays do not care to hear pressing problems like the labor question illegitimately huddled in with socialism, nihilism and communism, with no thoughts for its solution save the general statement that Christianity is the only cure for all things. Just so! But Christianity is the only cure for robbery, murder and crime of every kind and Bro. Johnston would not tell us to wait till the millenium for a settlement of such evils. There are methods of restraining crime and promoting safety from criminals, and the labor question, that he dismisses with a text and a wave of his hand, and the amelioration of the condition of the toilers deserve some attention.

The singing in the Carlton street church is splendid; the duett on Sunday night was full of music and expression. I would like to have heard a solo from the stout young gentleman with the immense and musical bass voice; it could not have failed to be good. DON.

An Englishman's Freak.

A recent number of the *Pall Mall Gazette* contains a letter from an aspirant for literary fame who became disgusted with English publishers for their repeated rejection of his manuscripts. In a spirit of revenge he copied Milton's Samson Agonistes, and sent it to those publishers who had declined his work, giving it the title Like a Giant Refreshed. One and all the publishers treated this as they had treated his own productions and returned it to him with criticisms and remarks which he considers particularly amusing, an emphatic evidence of ignorance, and a crushing comment on the judgment of publishers and editors.

But the fact is that the publication of such a work by a comparatively unknown author, would almost certainly prove, in this time, a losing undertaking. There is no desire to say that this is a degenerate literary age, but it is quite certain that the demand for it would be of the most limited description. Publishers cannot afford to educate public taste. They learn by experience, too often by bitter experience, what it is the public requires and is willing to pay for, and it is only natural that they should confine themselves to such literary wares as are apt to prove profitable. Occasional writers are frequently blinded to the defects of their own work, and forget that those who pass upon it have spent their lives in studying the market, and can tell, as a rule accurately, what will be advantageous and what will not warrant the expense of publication. If Samson Agonistes had never seen the light, and the author's name were unknown, its publication to-day would surely prove a losing undertaking.

The At Home of Mrs. C. A. B. Brown's, at her residence on James street, last Friday evening, was largely attended and proved a pleasant affair. Upwards of a hundred availed themselves of the invitations, and the spacious rooms prevented overcrowding. Among those present were Mr. and Mrs. E. T. Malone, Mr. and Mrs. T. O. Anderson, Major and Mrs. Hamilton, Mr. and Mrs. Paul Campbell, Mr. and Mrs. Guy Warwick, Mr. and Mrs. John Morison, Mrs. W. R. Bartlett, Mrs. James Gilmour of Brockville, Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Rogers, Mr. and Mrs. John Fletcher, Mrs. Chambrook of Hamilton, Mr. and Mrs. H. E. Morphy, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Bleasdell and Mr. and Mrs. Gordon. The young people were well represented and included the Misses McCausland, Miss McKinnon, Miss Nellie Macdonald, the Misses Henderson, Miss Morphy, the Misses Kennedy, Miss McClung of Bowmanville, Miss Littlejohn, Miss Cameron, Miss Hattie Brown, Miss Carrie Smith, Miss Fletcher, Miss Bull, Miss Kate Clark, Miss Creighton, Miss Tunning, and Messrs. Black, Baird, Littlejohn, Donaldson, Bull, Clark, Cox, Sims, Brown, Ewing, Garvin, McLaren, Sewell, etc. The linen covered floors were excellent for dancing purposes and the hostess was everywhere looking after the enjoyment of her guests.

Here and There.

Twice a day I walk briskly and unenviously to town and back and in my tramps pass the handsome red brick residence of Mr. Dalton McCarthy, Q. C., which stands at the corner of Beverley and Baldwin streets. That house has been commented on more than any other house in Toronto. It is a unique residence and for me has a peculiar charm. When I pass in the morning it seems to smile a day-break greeting to me; when I go home at night, as I sometimes do, my fancy tells me that it nods half regretfully, as who should say, "good night, my friend, and may thy dreams be pleasant." No matter how late it may be when I pass, a gleam of light, now green, now amber, now a translucent purple and now a rose-like red, streams shyly out through the stained-glass window on the north side of the house, and forms another link in the imaginative chain that binds my errant fancy to it. The house itself is a quaint example of the Queen Ann renaissance. Its construction is unique, and shows its designer the possessor of artistic tastes of an uncommon order.

* * *

Mr. McCarthy's handsome home is furnished with profuse elegance but in the best possible taste, and on every side are a hundred evidences of wealth and refinement, which latter is not always noticeable in the houses of some of Toronto's wealthiest people; for all the wealth the world can ever hold, can never buy a man artistic or refined tastes. There is nothing in Mr. McCarthy's elegant home to offend the most artistic ideals, and it stands to-day a model of a perfectly furnished and appointed household.

* * *

My remarks last week, anent the previousness of the youth of to-day, apparently disturbed somebody. On Tuesday I received a letter from a young man who suggested that it was pretty nearly time for me to hunt for the rapid transit line from earth. Then he continued: "Let us suppose you a business man. Don't you think you would infinitely prefer employing some one who showed some gumption in the matter of dress, who was smart and bright and didn't look like a plowboy? Even supposing he did play pool occasionally, would that make him any less valuable about the office? No man who knows or cares anything about his business wants himself surrounded with a lot of mournful-faced chumps who haven't got sand enough to make the sad sea waves ripple. I'm just this sort of a juvenile hairpin that I tog myself up well and have confidence enough in my own abilities to imagine that I can run the business when the boss isn't around; and no fellow is going to get on in this world unless he has that much faith in his own grip."

* * *

The trouble with you, my boy, is too much grip of the wrong sort. That you are smart enough I can tell by your letter, but you combine with it that same wild and terrible freshness which I kicked at last week. It may not strike you that way, but when you get older and don't know quite so much as you do now, you will realize that we all must learn by experience. The smartest man that ever wore a mustard plaster don't know a thing unless he learns it. Somebody may tell him something, and he may imagine that he has the combination down fine, but when he undertakes to let his theories loose he will find they won't work. I know how that is, because I've tried it. You may imagine yourself perfectly competent to engineer affairs when the head of the concern is away, but when you come to undertake it you will find yourself floundering about like a fish out of water. And it's just the idea that you are competent to run things that makes you one of the fresh young men I had in my mind when I wrote last week.

* * *

Go ahead, my boy, and be just as smart as you want to, but don't insist on going about with a hammer to pound your exalted cleverness into everybody you meet. If you have ability let people find it out for themselves. You be modest and unassuming and gentlemanly, put your whole mind on whatever you do, and do it the best way you know how every time. When you run things on that basis, you will discover that whatever is good in you is sure to come out, and those people who see it will appreciate it and appreciate you far more than if you kept a big lantern up to your head all the time to let everybody see what a particularly fine article of head nature had blessed you with. When you insist on labeling your own smartness, my son, you get fresh, and fresh boys are not at all nice to have around.

* * *

If your fancy runs in the way of clothes, give your fancy swing. I like to see boys dress well and neatly, but you can do that without getting yourself up to look like a cross between a German barber and a betting man with society aspirations. And if your means won't permit you to wear the clothes you like, wear the best you can. Don't get outside of your income because youth is weak, and if you are short and your employer's cash box is handy, you are liable to commit a little indiscretion that will make an interview with the amiable and estimable police magistrate a necessity. And right there you will find another cogent reason for keeping free from the billiard room barnacles you fancy. The billiard room is a gay and frisky place, but it comes high and if your means are limited you can't stand it without getting money dishonestly. And a dishonest nature is a bad thing for a boy to carry in his clothes.

* * *

It's a good rule in life, my boy, never to live up to your income. Some of us never get a chance to, but those who are in a position to economize should do it the best way they can. It's as true as a mother's love that the dollars will come if you care for the coppers. One of the biggest manufacturers in Canada to-day told me a year or two ago that he began business on money he saved when he was earning only $10 a week; and though he was and is an extensive dealer in tobaccos he never smoked a cigar, drank a drop of liquor or played a game of pool or billiards until the day his bank book showed a clear $100,000 to his credit, and that interesting day came when he was twenty-eight years old. It was a life of self-denial, my boy, it meant hard work and few pleasures, but it brought him his reward, for his old age has been happy and contented, and he has slid down life's toboggan slide rejoicing in the love of his good wife and their pretty children. Wilful waste makes woful want, son, and it always will do it as long as the world goes round.

Art and Artists.

The Royal Canadian Academy of Arts has issued a circular anent the art fair to be held here in the spring in connection with the meeting of the Royal Canadian Academy. As many of my readers have doubtless not yet seen it I reproduce it here:

SCHEME: The Granite Curling Rink has been offered for the use of the exhibition and fair upon reasonable terms.

Part of the building will be screened off for the exhibition of the academy. The rest, making a clear space of 60 x 50 feet, will be used for the fair. This will be fitted up to represent the market square of an old English town, the market cross occupying the centre, surrounded by old-fashioned gabled houses and shops.

On one side of the square will be a balcony or stage where tableaux vivants, plays, musical entertainments, and various quaint performances—grave and gay—will by turns instruct and amuse the visitors.

PROGRAMME: In the shops and booths of the market will be exposed for sale or exhibition, objects of art, curious wares, pictures, statuary, etc., which may be contributed. The different booths and houses will be occupied by ladies fair attired in quaint costumes of ancient days, and by gentlemen representing various mediæval guilds and trades. Besides the crowds who attend the fair to buy and to view the sights, artists, minstrels, players, showmen, jugglers and chapmen will appear in turn upon the stage.

Among the entertainments suggested are a series of tableaux vivants, illustrating the progress of art in successive epochs, stereopticon illustrations of architecture and sculpture, music—vocal and instrumental, strange entertainments from various countries, refreshments in old English hostelries. The fair to close with a fancy dress ball.

The scheme suggested is a rough outline of what may be attempted, and if it should meet the approval of the ladies and gentlemen of Toronto who have taste and skill in such matters, and enlist their co-operation, there is no question but that it may be successfully carried out.

Not a little research into the manners, customs and costumes of mediæval times will be required by those who take part in the fair, and much interesting study as well as amusement should result.

Late Tudor is suggested as the period at which the fair is supposed to take place, but the exact date must be settled after serious consultation with the ladies on the momentous subject of costume, and the other details may be developed in accordance with suggestions offered by those who are willing to assist.

A large preliminary outlay will be required for the construction and fitting up of the buildings of the fair, and this, as well as the necessary business arrangements will be undertaken by the academy in connection with the exhibition.

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Those who are desirous of assisting in this unique entertainment should communicate with the President, L. R. O'Brien.

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Mr. J. C. Forbes has nearly completed the portrait of a pretty girl. She is shown as standing by a toboggan slide. The artist has put an out-of-door feeling into the composition, and a healthy glow in the face, which make it singularly bright and beautiful. It is emphatically one of his best efforts.

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Those people who pretend to be fashionable at this season make it a point to visit Mr. L. R. O'Brien's studio, which is always open on Saturday afternoon after 3 o'clock. Every now and then Mr. O'Brien gives a pleasant tea. The invitations are limited to about a dozen, and one sees there such prominent citizens as Sir David and Lady Macpherson, Hon. George and Mrs. Allen, Dr. Wilson, Dr. Scadding, Sir Alexander and Miss Marjorie Campbell, Mr. Gordon Brown and others. The studio, which is a very beautiful room, has been graced by royalty, the Princess Louise always having taken great pleasure in Mr. O'Brien's pictures, as has also the Marquis of Lorne, Lord Dufferin and Lord Lansdowne, and I have heard it is also a favorite nook with Lady Macdonald. Mr. O'Brien's pictures this year are nearly all of mountain scenery, the result of his summer trip to British Columbia. For the last two or three years Mr. O'Brien has confined himself chiefly to mountain scenery, which, of course, is very grand and magnificent, but one sometimes longs for something calm and peaceful to rest the eye—a meadow, green trees, a brook and perhaps a few sleepy cows. However, there are other artists to whom we must look for these, but there is not another studio like Mr. O'Brien's. Has any one ever examined the quaint, pleasant inside window in his studio window, where the only drapery in the room is? One can't help observing the dearth of curtains, although one immediately forgets it in looking at the pictures which stand about on easels, arrranged so that they have the best light. The artist himself, with his sister, Miss O'Brien, receive their guests in a gracious and agreeable manner.

*

Among those present at the wedding of Mile. Suzanne Gerome, daughter of the eminent artist, to Aime Morat, which took place in Paris recently, was Mr. George Bridgman of this city, who for some years past has been a Parisian art student. Mr. Bridgman, I am told, is making great progress in his profession and his work is already highly spoken of by the hypercritical Parisian art writers. Mr. Bridgman is a student of Mr. Gerome, the father o fthe bride.

JIMMIE REMBRANDT.

*

P. S.—I have been requested to announce that in view of the fair shortly to be held by the Ontario Society of Artists, the Infant's Home board of management has decided to indefinitely postpone the kermiss it was intended to hold during the Easter holidays.—J. R.

*

Miss Mae Waymire, niece of ex-congressman Shellabarger of Washington, D.C., is spending the winter with her sister, Mrs. C. B. Van-Wormer of College Ave.

*

Mr. Hubert H. Macrae, who has for four years conducted the law courts column of *The Mail*, has sent in his resignation owing to the increase of his legal business, which prevents him from giving further time to newspaper work. Mr. Macrae is a young gentleman of rare promise.

At the Theaters.

We have had an eventful week of it. The Harmony Club, Modjeska and—Ada Gray; and as I write the curtain is about rising at the Grand with a new play and a new star behind it. It is not often that such an old stager as I delight to fancy myself, torn from the crowded metropolitan Thespian marts by a hard and vicious fate, has such a chance to revel in provincial histrionics, and if there is a wild light in my usually calm and placid eye and a wabbleness about my diction, forgive me, for behold! I revel. And don't you think, anyhow, that East Lynne is enough to put a wild light in pretty nearly anybody's eye, and make him wabble like a green hickory tree struck by forked lightning? If you don't you never saw East Lynne with Ada Gray playing the daughter of the hold hand 'aughty heart.

*

Let me begin with the Harmony Club though, for that has been the event of the week, and society has not yet finished fluttering its gilded wings over Monday night's performance. I am very much annoyed with the Harmony Club. It is always much easier for me to find fault than to praise, and I fancy, in passing, that that is one of humanity's pet failings. As a consequence the more I find to cavil at the happier I am, and so you can imagine how unhappy and disgruntled I feel when I tell you that the Harmony Club left me no room for words other than those of honest praise.

*

The evening opened with the comedietta, A Cup of Tea, in which the characters were sustained by these ladies and gentlemen:

Scroggins.....Mr. E. C. Rutherford
Sir Charles Seymour.....Mr. Walter Townsend
Joseph.....Mr. George Dunstan
Lady Clara Seymour.....Miss Robinson

A Cup of Tea is a pretty little domestic story, not very probable perhaps, but highly amusing, conveying a moral as big as SATURDAY NIGHT's circulation, to wit, that jealousy is a bad thing to keep on draught in any well-regulated family. Miss Robinson as Lady Clara Seymour was delightfully graceful, easy, natural and unaffected. Suffering somewhat from nervousness, as could be seen by her trembling hands, her voice did not betray any emotion that seemed out of place with her words. She looked and acted the character to perfection. She wore a handsome combination dress, en train, of white satin, brocade and pink, which fitted her graceful figure like a glove. I am loth to write the last words of Miss Robinson because her acting was emphatically charming and finished to a degree that few professionals obtain. And she was withal so unmistakably a gentlewoman, so refined in voice, gesture and expression, that it was a real treat to see her.

*

Mr. Rutherford's Scroggins was also a most enjoyable creation. His make-up was excellent and his acting wildly funny. He completely lost his individuality in the character he portrayed, and his animation and spirit carried everything before it, so that the sparkling little comedy went along with a dash and vim which I have only seen equalled by the Yokes performances. There is just one thing I would point out to Mr. Rutherford. It is scarcely proper for an English servant, who is more of the Cockney than anything else, to speak of dollars and cents as if they were the currency of the realm. An Englishman is probably endowed with the same soulful yearning for filthy lucre as the benighted residents of America, but he does not express his hankering by the medium of dollars and cents.

*

Mr. George Dunstan's stately, somnolent and, like Lady Jane's, not pretty—massive presence made a magnificent foundation on which to build the stolid English flunkey, Joseph. Mr. Dunstan was quiet, easy and natural, as he always is. Sir Charles Seymour was a part not at all suited to Mr. Walter Townsend's very marked abilities. There is not much to do in it, and what little there is is of an indifferent order. In Mr. Townsend's hands, however, probably the best results obtainable were secured, and if he did not show to such good advantage as in My Daughter's Debut, it was not his fault, but the fault of the character.

*

At the close of the comedietta, Mrs. John C. Smith sang the familiar song, She Haunts Me Like a Happy Dream very sweetly and with great feeling. Round after round of applause greeted her, and a magnificent basket of flowers was handed her by the gentlemanly leader of the orchestra. It struck me as most peculiar that these were the only flowers to cross the footlights during the evening. At the usual run of amateur performances when the world of fashion beams radiantly in decollette gowns and swallowtails, when the gas-light's glare glints on satiny arms and an almost boundless waste of snowy shirt-front, when soft perfume fills the air and the murmur of subdued conversation and the hint of hushed laughter is never absent, when this occurs the heavy odor of flowers is generally an indispensable adjunct, and every lady who shows her dainty features beyond that charmed line of blazing gas, is nearly always loaded down with the profuse floral offerings from her friends in front.

*

For My Daughter's Debut I did not care particularly. That is, for the play. The acting I liked—who could help it?—but the comic drama itself was, to tell the truth, rather wearisome. There is really only one good part in it, that of the French actor, which Mr. Townsend so cleverly interpreted. He made an ideal Frenchman as to appearance and gesture, and his broken English was admirable. Mrs. Townsend, as the daughter of this half-mad enthusiast, showed herself both zealous and capable, and her every word and gesture proved how carefully she had conned the part. Miss E. Shanley's statuesque and commanding presence was of great assistance to her very decided histrionic abilities, and her efforts to please won for her liberal applause. Mr. George Dunstan beamed amiably from behind huge and fierce black mustaches, and a black wig was balanced blithely on Mr. Dunstan's head. Mr. Rutherford was got up as a dizzy blonde Englishman of the harmless and inoffensive type familiar to most of us, in which his acting was of equal merit, though in manner diametrically opposite to his Scroggins. Mr. W. J. Baines, as Timotheus Flat, was clever and funny, and no strange observer would have accused him of amateurishness. He made a distinct hit, and proved himself a comedian of unusual ability. Mr. Lewis Bird as the stage manager, had a small and rather thankless part, which he played as he alone can. For reference I append the cast:

MONS. Antoine Dufard (French Actor).....Mr. Townsend
Tom. Bertie Fitzdangle.....Mr. E. C. Rutherford
Hyacinth Parnassus (Dramatic Author).....Mr. G. Dunstan
Theophilus Vamp (Stage Manager of a Theatre).....Mr. Lewis Bird
Timotheus Flat (Manager of a Theatre).....Mr. W. J. Baines
Emilie Antoinette Mice (Dufard's Daughter).Mrs. Townsend
Miss Arabella Fitzjames (Actress).....Miss E. Shanley

*

Much of the success of the entire performance was due to the excellent stage management of Sir William Young, which was noticeable all through. A Cup of Tea will be repeated for the soldiers at the Old Fort in about two weeks. Mr. Rutherford will again appear as Scroggins, and Mr. Dunstan as Joseph, but the cast otherwise will be changed. Miss Merritt will play Lady Clara Seymour and Sir Charles will be taken by one of the officers at the Fort. The comedietta will be followed by the farce, Borrowed Plumes, for which the cast has not yet been definitely arranged. The Harmony Club is to be congratulated upon the distinct success which has marked its departure from the operatic to the dramatic stage. I hope we shall soon have an opportunity of seeing its members in public again, and I feel sure that whatever they undertake will pass off as pleasantly and successfully as their Monday night's performance.

*

Rarely do the boxes at the Grand appear to greater advantage than they did on this occasion. So attractive were they that not even the art of Mr. Rutherford or Miss Robinson's charming gown sufficed to prevent many an opera glass from forsaking the stage and turning to charms nearer at hand. In the stage box, on the prompt side, were Mrs. Bankes and Mrs. Willie Macpherson. Next to them, in their own box, sat the Government House party, Miss Marjorie Campbell half concealed behind the curtain, as is her wont, Mrs. Vernon in the front nearest the stage, and Mr. Vernon between the two ladies. Opposite, Miss Manning adorned her own box, and Miss Robertson of Hamilton sat beside her. In the stage box on this the O. P. side of the house, and nearest the stage, was Miss Macdonald, and triumphantly her face stood the trying test of the glare of the footlights just beneath her; in the opposite corner, both before and after her delightful song, sat Mrs. John C. Smith. Anybody in the house, who like myself, saw this lady's admirable interpretation of the part of Phyllis in Iolanthe, at Hamilton a few years ago, will have wished as I did, that an opera was being played now, and that Miss Juliette D'Erlieux was once more filling the principal role. The upper stage box on the O. P. side was occupied by Hon. John Beverley Robinson and Mrs. Robinson and opposite them sat Mr. W. Parker Newton and Miss Newton. Among others present were Sir David and Lady Macpherson and their guest, Miss Kirkpatrick of Kingston, Lady Young, Mr. and Mrs. Langmuir, Mr. and Mrs. George Crawford, Mr. J. M. Tilley, the Misses Rutherford, Mrs. Samuel Keefer, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Duggan, Mr. Charles Hiordon, Mr. and Mrs. Bunting, Mr. and Mrs. Crosbie, Mr. and Mrs. E. B. Osler, Mr. and Mrs Stephen. Heward, Mr. Robert Shanley and Miss Shanley, Justice and Mrs. Falconbridge, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Beatty, Mr. and Mrs. Dalton McCarthy, Dr. J. B. Baldwin, Mr. A. F. Campbell, Mr. J. K. Kerr, Q.C., and Mrs. Kerr, Mr. and Mrs. Albert Nordheimer, Lieut.-Col., Mrs. and Miss Otter, Mr. and Mrs. Hector Cameron, Mr. L. A. Tilley, the Misses Spratt, Mr. and Mrs. B. Anderson, Mrs. H. D. P. Armstrong, Mr. and Mrs. J. M. MacFarlane, Miss MacFarlane, Mr. E. Jones, Miss Jones, the Misses Beatty, Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Cattanach.

There was another large and fashionable audience to greet Modjeska Tuesday night, in Much Ado About Nothing. I had feared that the previous night's performance and the counter-attraction at the Gardens would have injured the receipts, but she could scarcely wish for a larger audience, and certainly few could be more representative of the wealth and fashion of the city. Modjeska loses none of her art with age. She has a beautiful stage presence, and is indisputably a refined, graceful and accomplished actress. She always impresses me as one who strives for an unattainable ideal. I mentioned this to a friend Tuesday evening, who cruelly told me my critical perceptions were off color. "If you consider for a moment," he said, "you will discover that it is her very apparent effort to wrestle with English as she is spoke that induces your fancy." And I rather think he is right. Modjeska's pronounced abilities do not show to such advantage in comedy as in tragedy. She has in her more tears than laughter, and there is an undercurrent of sadness in her disposition which makes her tragic acting a superior delineation of human emotions. Once only was I completely carried away by her comedy, and that was years agone when she played Rosalind in New York. I worshipped then at her buskined shrine with the ardor of infatuation and youth.

*

It is a common failing of those whose abilities have brought them to positions of eminence in their profession to surround themselves with an indifferent class of players, so that by contrast they may shine the brighter. This is not so with Modjeska. She is supported by one of the strongest and best balanced companies I have seen on the Grand Opera House stage in years. There is not a stick in it, and the performance runs as smoothly as a freight train on a down grade. The costumes and appointments, too, are exquisite, and altogether we have had few such delightfully perfect stage productions here in years.

*

Tuesday night the stage box on the prompt side was occupied by Mr. and Mrs. Henry Cawthra and the Misses Cawthra. Next to them were Mrs. and the Misses Aldwell, Mr. Lloyd Aldwell and Mr. Ewing, and in the opposite box were Mr. Percy Manning and party. The body of the house was filled by well-known votaries of society.

*

That unwholesome domestic drama, East Lynne, has been the attraction at the Toronto Opera House all week, and hundreds of silly women have wept profusely at the maudlin sentiment and immoral moral of the story. Ada Gray, of course, played the dual role of Lady Isabel and Madame Vine, and showed her familiarity with English customs and mannerisms by speaking of children thus:

"Oh! ain't he cute!"

"My! ain't she cunnin'!"

If any earl's daughter drifted around my humble abode and spoke of things as cute and cunnin', I'd telephone for a policeman and put away my valuables. If I had my way I'd put East Lynne and Uncle Tom's Cabin and two or three other things I have in my mind's eye, including Nicholas Flood Davin and the man who writes bad poetry, at the bottom of the deep blue sea. Miss Gray is supported by a fairly good company, and the performance, I daresay, is acceptable to those who like it, but I honestly confess I don't.

STAGE GOSSIP.

Salvini, the great Italian actor, once told Booth that in playing Othello he did not stab Desdemona in the death scene, as he considered that altogether too brutal. "But," says he, "I do not confine myself to simply suffocating her, but in addition to that I break her neck across my knee." Such a tender-hearted man is too good for earth.

Next Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday evenings the clever little comedienne, Lizzie Evans will hold the boards at the Grand in Our Angel and Fogg's Ferry, which latter play is quite familiar to Canadian theater goers. Our Angel is a western drama but apparently not a typical one, as from all account it shows a refreshing absence of knives, pistols, greasers and Chinamen.

Miss Frankie Kemble began a short engagement at the Grand Thursday evening as Sybil, in Clay M. Greene's comedy of that name. Miss Kemble is young, pretty and clever and has the happy faculty of jumping right into the hearts of her hearers from the first, and it is half the battle for an actress to be of so sympathetic a nature as to become right at home with her audience.

At the Toronto we will have a chance of seeing "picturesque scenery, thrilling and sensational situations, pathos and comedy," for Miss Bella Moore, a young soubrette, will present the American comedy drama, A Mountain Pink, or, life among the Moonshiners in the Black Mountains of Carolina, where the distilling of licit whisky was carried on so successfully and extensively. Miss Moore introduces a number of songs, which exchanges say she sings pleasantly.

Sardou always concocts his plays in the darkest mystery, seldom allowing even the name to be known a week before the first representation. But the name of La Tosca, which was but recently given to the world, was known months back, and on the very morning of the premiere the Gil Blas, the most sensational of the Paris papers, managed by hook or crook to get hold of the plot and publish it. Such a proceeding was unheard of in France, and Sardou has sued the journal for a hundred thousand francs.

Messrs. Robson and Crane have been in business and artistic partnership for ten years, and during that time have never disagreed upon any matter of business policy. This is puzzling to people who know the two men and appreciate their distinctly opposite traits and dispositions. They are rarely in the season seen together outside the theater. They appear to have no tastes or habits in common. Mr. Robson is studious, a recluse, shy and sensitive. Mr. Crane is fond of the society of good fellows, is a capital story-teller, and is almost as great a diner-out as General Sherman. Both comedians are happily married.

Barbieri-Nini is no more. She died at Florence in a dingy attic, and, needless to say, in poverty. Who is Barbieri-Nini? Forty years ago she was the delight of the musical world of Europe. Her voice was heavenly, but her face was hideous. For the latter reason she was in the habit of making her bow before a new audience in the role of Lucretia Borgia, who appears in the first act with a mask on her face. Once her singing had captured an audience she didn't mind revealing to them that terrible countenance. An Italian diplomat once said of her—She sings as beautifully as she is ugly, adding, however, I admit that in spite of the incomparable art of Barbieri-Nini this is the most hyperbolical utterance that man has ever indulged in.

Ladies luncheons have without doubt become quite an institution. In England and the States they bear off the palm against other entertainments, and in Canada, Toronto is certainly not behind the age in this regard. It has been said that a ladies luncheon can be more delightful than any ball or dinner of both sexes, and those who have assisted at one, full well know what a perfect success a good hostess can make it. Mrs. Snelling of Murray street has been recently giving several small luncheons to her lady friends, who were more than delighted with their hostess' provision for their comfort. The dinner given on Tuesday last by Dr. and Mrs. Snelling was also all that could be desired by their guests. The pretty Bungalow is quaint and old fashioned, but well arranged for small entertainments.

WIDOWER JONES.

A Faithful History of His "Loss" and Adventures in Search of a "Companion."

BY EDMUND E. SHEPPARD,

Author of "Farmin' Editor's Sketches," "Dolly," "A Bad Man's Sweetheart," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE QUILTING BEE AT MITCHELL'S AND THE STORY WHICH WAS STARTED THERE.

Around about Appleboury, paring bees and quiltings were always numerous when the glories of the Indian summer changed to the chill of coming winter. In the select circles that gathered around the apple-pans and quilting frames Sister Hooper was always a prominent figure. Had anyone been darkly thought at one of those industrial parties to describe her as a malicious old busybody or a wilful liar, they would have found an almost unanimous rebuke. She was an institution, a part of the organization of the neighborhood, and it was customary to speak of her as "an obliging soul," ready to help those who needed assistance, and willing at a moment's notice to put on her things and accompany a messenger to the bedside of the sick, or help do the sewing and housework for a bereaved family.

It was, of course, admitted that she was "a little too chatty," and cases were cited where people who were probably jealous of her popularity, where her too-nimble tongue had set afoot tales which refused to be quieted until great damage had been done. Half-forgotten rumors were sometimes revived about her having separated a husband and wife, and two or three badly-cured old maids, and several cranky bachelors were wont to state that if she ever got to Heaven she would break up all the love matches which are said to be made there, before they had time to reach the earth. Once in a while you would hear of a character or two she had spoiled, and reference was sometimes made to rows in the church which had been due to her indefatigable endeavors to keep people straight. A couple of preachers had blamed her for driving them away from their district, and even her friends had to admit that Sister Hooper had led rather an active life.

But after all, gossip was one of the chief amusements at the "doin's" and "after-meetin' visits," and it was recognized as a legitimate way of spending the few hours of leisure in which neighbor women had a chance to enjoy one another's society.

To be sure, innocent people sometimes got hurt, but innocent folk often get hurt at the hands of Providence, in railway accidents and disasters by fire and flood, so why should it be remarkable that a little harmless gossip should once in a while injure them? At any rate, this was the argument of those who ever undertook to find a defence for their tattling and "guessing" and "putting this and that together." But perhaps Dame Gossip was safest from attack because everyone was more or less guilty, and there was thus nobody to cast the first stone.

Mrs. Hooper herself took high ground and alleged that she never spoke of other people's affairs "only as a duty." And no one was wont to express greater regret than she, that in following her line of duty she had frequently to unmask impostors and give truthful versions of stories which had become mixed with error. She regretted that she was forced into such painful tasks as speaking to a wife about the wicked ways of her husband, or to a husband about the frivolous doings of his wife. It might appear strange that, in the performance of these difficult tasks, she never seemed getting her fat old nose pulled; but the people of Appleboury were slow to wrath, and Sister Hooper had the reputation of being "ter'ble good to the sick."

Though Hope Campton had not been the first to speak in anger of Sister Hooper, no one before had ever dared to call her "a miserable old hag." When Sister Hooper thought of the services she had done to the church and community in general; of how she had watched on the sick and sewed for the sorrowing; how she had pared apples and stitched quilts and knit socks for nearly everyone for miles around, the idea of being called "a miserable old hag" by Hope Campton made her fold her hands and roll up her eyes in grief, while her bosom was almost taken away from her in a prolonged wheeze.

There was a "quilting" over at Mitchell's on the Tuesday following her interview with Hope, and Mrs. Hooper had her revenge.

A dozen of the neighbors were gathered in the low-ceiling'd sitting-room. The autumn sun gleamed brightly through the little square-paned windows, adding a sheen to the gorgeous colors of the chintz curtains, carpet-lounge and gay rag carpet. The latter was the pride of Mrs. Mitchell's heart. The warp was colored; great pains had been taken in sewing and dyeing the rags, and there were more hues in it than there were in the bunch of china asters and genias in the broken pitcher resting on the fireless box-stove at the side of the room. That carpet was known all through the neighborhood as having the widest red flannel strips and the broadest bar of green that could be seen in the houses of even the very first families of the large cities. Mrs. Mitchell was also proud of the bureau that stood at the end of the room, and she often remarked that it was "five drawers high, with three little drawers on top and bed more room fer layin things away in than any other bureau in Appleboury." Such certificate of local leadership in society as was not furnished by the wide bar of red in the carpet and the high chest of drawers, was at once made unnecessary by the presence of the melodeon on which Sis' Dover was now performing the intricate measures of the Java March.

Sister Hooper had objected to remaining in the room while dance music was being played, but after being assured that it was not anything a march, had consented to listen to it for the fourth time, as Sis' Dover was by no means backward in reproducing the gems of her *repertoire*.

A quilting frame, supported at each corner by the back of a chair, stood in the middle of the room; the lining had been stitched to the frames, the wool in batts had been laid thereon, the many-hued patchwork cover had been pinned to the lining, and the altar of Dame Rumor was set up.

At the head of the frame nearest the window sat Mrs. Dover and Aunt Jane Hornby. Mrs. Hornby always sat erect, and it seemed impossible for her to turn her face without swinging her whole body, which she did with the steady precision which suggested a pivot and the use of machinery. Sister Hooper and Mrs. Mitchell with a candle-wick line dipped in flour were laying out the surface of the quilt in squares, during which frequent calls were heard to "pass along that sasser of flour." The other women began to sew, pausing often to lean their elbows on the frame and relate stories of that class which women are said to indulge in when there are no men around. The question of birthmarks and anecdotes relating thereto had come up, when somehow the name of the Jones' family was mentioned, probably in connection with a strawberry mark on Israel's left cheek.

Mrs. Dover remarked that she had heard the Deacon was likely to marry again. From this a discussion arose as to the probability of the Deacon's second marriage and the chances of this and that eligible female's elevation to the position of Mrs. Jones No. 2. The debate had grown interesting and the merits of a number of aspirants had been dilated upon, when Sister Hooper sprung Hope Campton's name on the convention as a leading candidate.

"Not as I think he's likely to hevver," wheezed Sister Hooper maliciously, though she well knew that Widower Jones had as much chance of getting Hope's consent as he had of marrying a sister of the man in the moon.

"G'way! Yeh must be crazy!" snapped Mrs. Hornby, straightening up from her quilting with a jerk and adjusting her spectacles.

"That young thing! Why, who ever?" purred Mrs. Dover as she folded a couple of patches and laid them aside; "What put that into your head?"

"Why, both E-liz-a-beth an' Low-z-y air older'n she is! It'd raise a ter'ble talk if th' Deacon tried teh circle round her." This was from Mrs. Mitchell, and that motherly old body looked enquiringly at Sister Hooper for further information.

"I don't b'leeve ther's a thing in it, 'septin that Hope's livin' ther' teh th' Deacon's, and fools git talkin' round 'ithout knowin' what they's talkin' about." Mrs. Hooper had succeeded in adjusting her spectacles, and sitting rigidly upright in her chair, had fixed her eyes on Sister Hooper with a stern and piercing air, as if to read the very thoughts of the asthmatic gossip.

"My! Dear, oh dear!" wheezed Sister Hooper, "I'll yeh ther wouldn't git no Deacon (wheeze) Sakes alive! I'd never spoke if I'd thought I'd been carryin' news!"

"Huh! She's ter'ble pertickler 'bout carryin' news, she is!" snapped Mrs. Hornby as she stiffly revolved on her axis and fixed her gaze on her next neighbor.

"You needn't be so fast," wheezed Sister Hooper angrily; "fer I haint goin' teh say another word, an' wouldn't asaid what actually eggscaped only I 'sposed yeh all know'd 'bout it."

Mrs. Hornby had by this time revolved again and had focused her eyes on Sister Hooper. "O-on," said she, "yer dyin' teh tell, so jist spit it out, 'ithout no more coaxin'."

"Well I'm sure, now!" purred Mrs. Dover, deprecatingly, but cautiously avoiding partizanship.

"No, I shan't say a word! An' then her Jane Hornby goin' round an' scold me a tat-tle!" Asthma, fatty degeneration and tears were united in the gurgling wheeze, which made it necessary for Sister Hooper to fan herself with a broad-rimmed straw hat she had caught from the back of a chair.

"Oh, go on an' don't think anybody 'd say anything against yeh!" eagerly exclaimed a youngster seamstress; "Howdeyehear?"

"How did I hear? My! Erybuddy's talkin' 'bout it 'round our way! Queer's yeh didn't hear!" exclaimed Sister Hooper, quickly, as if to preserve her sentence from the interruption of a wheeze.

"Well!" exclaimed half a dozen voices in eager interrogation.

"I haint nuthin' more teh say, 'septin' thet I don't think th' matchin'll ever come off, though thar's plenty teh say! that she's bin runnin' after him long afore his poor sick wife, Marier, was even dead!"

Chorus—"You don't say!"

"Yes'n I know what I'm sayin' too! An' th' Deacon was soft enuff teh git silly onner till he jumped teh sarcumvent thet made him more keerful!" The wheeze had grown short and defiant, and it was evident that Sister Hooper was excited.

"No, now!" "Well, I never!" exclaimed the maids and matrons assembled. Mrs. Hornby's eyes were "fixed" on Sister Hooper, who was carefully avoiding the unpleasantly steady gaze.

"What stories were ther!" queried one.

"I haint gunto say. If I can't say good about people I shan't say bad, yeh all know that," sighed Sister Hooper, complaisantly.

"Of course!" echoed the listeners eagerly.

"But what was the stories about?"

"Her karackter!" whispered Sister Hooper, impressively, "an' more'n thet I sha'n't say, nor no one can ever say I hev sed!"

The women looked at one another in amazement. Hope had been proud and distant, but she had been regarded as the pink of propriety, and this revelation seemed to bring Miss Campton down to the level of ordinary mortals more than they had ever expected.

"It must abeen afore she come here then!" exclaimed one.

"I haint sayin' when it was, nur when it weren't," gasped Sister Hooper, shutting her eyes and looking wondrous wise. "More'n thet she up an' agguitted to my very face thet she was bein' talked about an' things was bein' sed about her karackter which she didn't keer whether they was true ur not, an' when I spoke t' her, an' tried t' do my duty, she flew into a rage an' called me an old hag."

"An' she wa'n't fur wrong, nuther!" Mrs. Hornby's spine had remained unbent and her eyes had not been removed from Sister Hooper's face during the entire recital, and her verdict, therefore, was evidently unexpected and startling. "An' she wa'n't fur wrong, nuther!"

"Why Aunt Hornby!" cried Teena Mitchell.

Aunt Hornby delighted to answer, but sat erect and continued to glare through her spectacles.

"I hain't tellin' nuthin' second hand, an' if HopeCampton didn't keer who knowed it, I guess I hain't wrong in sayin' just what she said."

"But you haven't told us what it was," suggested Mrs. Dover, without seeming much interested.

"No, ner I won't! Furder'n what I've sed I won't go an' if you want to know why jist go'n ast her fer yerself!"

No amount of urging could elicit any further information, and Sister Hooper quite established her reputation as a very reticent person, no one but Mrs. Hornby apparently suspecting her of not having full particulars which she in pursuance of her duty refused to impart.

Speculation was excited by the mystery Mrs. Hooper had thrown around Hope's character, and women they finally decided that Hope's misdemeanor was one of those departures from rectitude which, strangely enough, is so much more unpardonable in a woman than in a man. But who was the man in the case? They guessed at all the young sports in and around Appleboury and appealed to Sister Hooper to name him as the partner of Hope's sin, but the astute but wheezy umpire refused to act.

"I hain' sed nuthin' an' shan't go no furder!" she reiterated, half afraid she had already gone too far, and yet thoroughly convinced that Hope had some shameful secret which would be forced from her if a scandal once got circulated.

The scandal was not slow travelling, and even the school children knew of it before the end of the week, and winked at one another as one of their number rudely at the fair schoolmistress and laughed boisterously and scornfully when she reproved them during the play hour on Friday.

Hope saw the change in their conduct towards her, and in bitter agony suspected that they had learned the story of her birth. Her cheeks grew pale and haggish as was remarked by her pupils, and by them duly reported to their parents, who saw in this a confirmation of Sister Hooper's story. Poor Hope's downcast eyes, with the dark circles under them which spoke of nights of sleepless weeping, failed to move the hearts of the ruder children, who insisted on acting as if she were unworthy of their respect.

The torture of her position was growing insupportable, when one day an incident occurred which brought matters to a crisis.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE DEACON GOES AWOOING.

Widower Jones in Sunday garb and seated alone in his son Hiram's buggy, was driving slowly homeward from the county town.

Ever since Hope's contemptuous refusal of his hand and heart, he had been thoughtfully turning over in his mind his chances of success and happiness with each of half-a-dozen marriageable women of his acquaintance.

With a perversity of desire which his experience with Hope had not cured, he still clung to the idea of a youthful bride. Even after the night when he played what he considered his trump card with Hope, and had lost, he did not abandon the belief that he could still induce her to yield, until her final and passionate rebuke of his advances.

As the Deacon's horse jogged along the uneven road, awkward which fell the shadows of beech and maple, his cheeks reddened and his ears tingled as he recalled her bitter words, when availing himself of a second opportunity, he had renewed his proposal.

"Never! I would rather die than have you touch me. I loathe—I hate you! The sight of you sickens me. Go on, heap shame upon me—tell the world what you know; no matter how shameful my birth, it cannot bring to me half the contempt and degradation I would feel for myself if I married such a thing as you!"

The Deacon's recollection of these words made him grind his scanty teeth, and reaching forward he struck his horse a fierce blow with the whip.

"I'll teach the proud huzzy thet I kin marry th' best them is! Yes, and I'll give th' Camptons a reppytashun sich as 'll make the worst on 'em slow teh marry her."

But he was speeding too fast, and he pulled his horse up with a jerk. Switching with his whip at the grey mullein stalks and dust-browned thistles as his horse trifled along in a sulky fashion, he made up his mind to go and see Ruth Gilbert "on the town line."

As he made this resolution, with a sudden impulse to arrange his attire he replaced the whip in its socket, dropped the lines, and taking off his hat ran his wrinkled hand through his scanty crop of shaggy-red hair. After mopping his forehead and rubbing his hand uneasily over his mouth and clean-shaven chin, he seemed partly reassured that his charms were in order, and picking up the lines turned from the highroad to the more scantily travelled town line, where Ruth with her mother and brother were comfortably established in a little white house surrounded by lilacs, cherry trees and willows.

His courage almost failed him as he tied his horse to the paling and opened the ricketty little gate leading to the front door. With a shiver of fear that he was on a fool's errand, he remembered the scorn of Hope and the laughs of who had wooed Ruth Gilbert without marrying her. He wondered why. But he had knocked at the door, and without time to answer his own question he found himself face to face with the object of his proposed affection.

"Why, howdy do, Deacon Jones? Come in!"

"Tol'ble, thanks; how's yer maw?"

"First rate, thank you. How's the folks?"

"Oh, all fairly middlin' when I left them this mornin'. I've bin up town; jist gittin' back. Kind o' thought I'd drop in teh see yeh and yer maw."

"Mother 'll be glad to see you I'm sure. I'll go and call her."

"Never mind, don't hurry; I don't want to interrupt her in yer kitchin'. How's folks all wel?"

The Deacon was evidently ill at ease, and Ruth Gilbert, in the last ten years of her life, had had lovers enough to know the signs.

She was a large, tall and handsome girl, with dark eyes and a wealth of fluffy brown hair. But her chief charm was a coquettish jollity which hid some of the strong features of her character, and led many men beside the Deacon to believe that the growing maturity of her years made her exceedingly anxious to marry.

"Oh, mother isn't busy. She'll be glad to see you," said Ruth, watching the Deacon's downcast face intently.

Feeling that an opportunity to be alone with Ruth might not occur again, he at once plunged into the subject.

"Yes, of course. Yer maw's a tur'ble fine woman, but I dropped in teh see you as much as anything." And with a sudden jerking of himself together the Deacon managed to raise his eyes and look admiringly at Ruth.

"Oh!" she exclaimed, and her bright eyes flashed, though she made no further effort to assist him in continuing the conversation.

"I'm—I'm—yeh see, it's tur'ble lonesome up t' our place, and I kind o' thought thet mebby yeh wouldn't mind if I dropped in t' see yeh onct in a while."

The Deacon's face got very red as he looked down at his hands knit tightly together on his knees, and wondered how it was he had never before thought what a handsome girl Ruth was, and he further wondered in his confusion how in the world he had ever had courage enough to go as far as he had.

Ruth's eyes were sparkling with fun as she watched the Deacon's embarrassment.

"Why, of course not," she answered lightly. "We will always be glad to see you. You'll stay to tea, won't you?"

"Well, I don't mind if I do, seein' that I'm here an' yer been so kind as teh ast me."

The Deacon endeavored to speak with composure, but it was evident that he was badly rattled.

"Rufe is out in the field somewhere, so you'll have to put your horse in the barn yourself, if you don't mind?"

"Oh, I don't mind!" exclaimed the Deacon, jumping up and seizing his hat. "I don't need no waitin' on."

With an assumption of boyish alacrity he danced out of the room and led his horse around to the barn, with an inward prayer that it would not be his bad fortune to meet Ruth's brother and have to go back to the house, and in this fortune favored him.

Rufus Gilbert was not always a pleasant gentleman to meet. He had an abrupt way of asking questions and making remarks, which very frequently bordered on the impertinent.

He was ostentatiously irreligious, and the Deacon remembered that on several occasions Rufus had expressed an opinion of himself with a candor which savored much of contempt. The bar-room of the tavern at Appleboury had a greater share of Ruth Gilbert's society than had ever been enjoyed by the church of which the Deacon was the leading light. And worst of all, Rufe, who was nearly forty, had been a chum of Sam Jones.

When the Deacon got back to the house he ventured to enter the kitchen door, where he was met by Mrs. Gilbert, who gave him an effusive welcome.

"Why, Deacon, is that you?" she cried. "W'y, it's sight fer sore eyes t' git a look agin; thought you folks hed all gone back on us, yeh hain't been here fer so long. How are all th' folks?"

"Tol'ble well, thank'ee; how are yeh all here?"

"Oh, we're all well, 'ceptin' Rufe; he's complainin' with a kind of sore foot; been yelpin' thar ever since he stuck an axe into it last winter, while he was choppin' wood fer th' kitchen stove."

"Yes, I heard about that," interjected the Deacon.

"He was tur'ble bad at th' time," continued Mrs. Gilbert, volubly. "We had the doctor here every day, fer two or three weeks."

"Rest of all yeh all well?" inquired the Deacon, blandly.

"Oh, yes; all well 'ceptin' Ruth. She hes been down with another of her sickheadaches; she hain' th' tur'blest trouble with them sick-headaches of hers; she don't have 'em so often as she used to, sence a pedlar came along and gave her a receipt. It did her a power o' good—helped her more'n any doctor's medicine she ever got. Yeh must know th' pedlar; guess he calls teh your house—tall, thin, black feller; wears a mustache and chin whiskers; sells for Smith Bros. up at the county town. We've be a tradin' with him nigh about six or eight years. Seem to git things jist as reasonable as we do to th' store;—have a cheer there—take th' rocker."

The rocking chair was one of the old-fashioned sort with a stuffed back and quilted patch-work spread over the back. Inclined to slumber by the warmth of the kitchen, Mrs. Gilbert's favorite tabby cat had ensconced himself in the snug seat. The Deacon, none too much at ease, hastily accepting the invitation to be seated did not notice the presence of the feline gentleman who was sleeping so peacefully on the cushion. Dropping heavily into the chair he almost crushed the cat, which, much to the Deacon's surprise, was sleeping so enough left in him to pity, for dear life, both teeth and claws. With a yell of agony the Deacon sprang up snatching wildly at his wounds, while the cat, howling distractedly, ran about the room seeking a place of exit.

Ruth, with an apology for not being able to prevent it, roared with laughter, and then again begged the Deacon to excuse her for finding merriment in his misfortune.

"Oh, don't mention it," exclaimed the Deacon, with a tremulous effort to appear composed. "I was more skeered than hurt, I reckon. I's pose yer well yerself!" he said, turning to Mrs. Gilbert and endeavoring to pick up the broken thread of conversation.

"Oh, yes, thanks," answered Mrs. Gilbert, with what seemed to the Deacon very like a simper. "I'm allus well; them isn't many women hereabouts of my age, ner older nuther, fer I ain't altogether an old woman yet, thet enjoys better health nur I. I often tell Ruth and Rufus here that I can do more work an' stand more roughin' than both on 'em put together."

"And I believe she can too," said Ruth, who was stirring the contents of some savory dish on the stove.

This turning of the conversation into the discussion of Mrs. Gilbert's youth and vigor did not quite please the Deacon, and he was shaping in his mind a compliment for Ruth herself, when Mrs. Gilbert began to cross-examine him as to the health of his own family.

"Your folks are all well, I s'pose?"

"Tol'ble, thank'ee, tol'ble."

"Low-l-see has got over that sprained ankle of hern, ain't she?"

"Oh, yes, oh, yes, she's jest as lively on her pins as ever."

"Lively girl Low-l-see is; she was tellin' me she wa'nt feelin' very well last Sunday anyhow, but I s'pose it wa'nt nuthin' more'n a cold."

"No, I guess not," said the Deacon absently. He was watching Ruth as she busied herself in the preparations for supper.

"I guess Bess is the best worker of the two, aint she?" persisted Mrs. Gilbert, who had seated herself on a low rocker and was behaving herself, much to his mortification, as if she were the "company" he had come to see.

"Yes, Bess is a tol'ble hard workin' girl, but pretty peaceyer, like most of th' smart kind air I'm told" he answered with a smirk at Ruth, whose laughing eyes met his and almost made him blush as she answered:

"I suppose you mean that for me Deacon, but it is a kind of a left-handed compliment."

"Yes, I have allus heerd Bess was a peppery kind of girl with a temper of hevver" continued Mrs. Gilbert, disregarding the little by-play between her daugher and the Deacon, "though everybody says she is'nt as fery as she used to be, but that she has growed to be one of the sweetest and most manageabl'st girls one would want teh find."

"Oh yes," said the Deacon, who was thinking what effect this description of his daughter's temper would have on his chances of getting Ruth to marry him; "she was tur'ble good to her mother."

"Poor Mariar; she was a tur'ble sufferer, wa'nt she?"

"Yes" said the Deacon mournfully, though exceedingly anxious to escape the subject; "she were. I s'pose yeh hairt troubled with heart disease ner neer-mait-ix air ye?" he concluded absently.

"Oh, no," said Mrs. Gilbert with a self-conscious look, "the Deacon did not comprehend; "as I said afore, I'm the liveliest woman in these parts, takin' into account what I hev gone through, loosin' my husband and havin' to bring up my family all by myself!"

Mrs. Gilbert's widowhood dimly suggested to the Deacon's mind for an instant a complication which, with her age and apparent health, at once banished from his thoughts. But in the meantime Mrs. Gilbert had swung back to her investigation of the health of the Jones' family.

"Guess they're all well up to Calvin's?"

"Tol'ble, though I heerd the youngest was down 'th th' measles er croup, er new-ralage; but Hiram's wife, I reckon, hain't be able teh do more work than any team of horses in th' county."

"Jim's a great worker, too, haint he?"

"Yes, Israel is the best boy I got; sticks to hum better, and is more willin'."

"Hirsen's a wag'teachin' yet, hain't he?; goin' to study medicine, folks say, or lawyerin'?"

"Yes, I've heerd him say he would like to study drug medicine—or suthin' easier than farmin'."

"S'pose yeh hear from Ben sometimes, don't yeh; he's well, ain't he?"

The Deacon's face reddened with an involuntary scowl. Even in the midst of his love-making the sound of Ben's name turned all his sweetness into vinegar.

"No, I ain't heerd from him sence he went away."

"Tur'ble fine lookin' feller Ben is; gurls was all crazy over him when he was here, and even Ruth was goin' on about him."

(To be Continued.)

Life's Trials.

Friend Jack (proffering a ten)—Come, cheer up, old boy. We must stand many trials when starting in life.

Young Attorney (dejectedly)—It's the lack of them, Jack, the lack of them, that's breaking me up.

An Explanation Deferred.

"Pray don't let me disturb you," said a six feet Texan, as he dropped into a chair in the editorial room of the *Daily Bulldozer*, and coolly levelled an army revolver at the head of the editor. "I merely called to ask an explanation of the personal paragraph referring to Colonel Kilgore in the last *Bulldozer*."

"Don't be disturbing me at all, sir," replied the editor, calmly, as he removed an exchange from the table and disclosed a double-barreled shotgun, loaded with slugs, pointed directly at the colonel's manly bosom. "You see," continued the editor, playing a tattoo with his jeweled fingers upon the triggers, "we are so overrun with obituaries that we have very little time to investigate."

But the colonel had disappeared, and the silence of the sanctum was broken only by the sound of some one falling down the dark and gloomy stairway, and bringing up against the street door.—*Tid Bits.*

In Bohemia.

I am rich—who says me nay?
I have bread to eat each day,
Water from the mountain rill,
Woman's lips to kiss at will,
Russet garb and couch of moss,
Treasures free from rust or loss—
Why should not my life be gay?
I am rich—who says me nay?

I am rich—who says me nay?
Friends have I—my wealth is gay—
Sun, and rain, and cloud, and dew,
Fields of green and skies of blue,
Pictures drawn by Nature's hand,
Books the soul may understand
And a life-long holiday.
I am rich—who says me nay?

I am rich—who says me nay?
Whom have I to envy, pray?
Crown-encumbered king, or sage
Poring o'er the midnight page?
Midas starving with his gold?
Better far, a thousandfold,
Is Bohemia than Cathay!
I am rich—who says me nay?

REVOY.

Prince, thy bounty I decline!
Quaff with me this rustic wine!
Equals thou and I to-day,
I am rich—who says me nay?

The Telephone in Russia.

The telephone, it is said, is not making much progress in Russia, and no wonder. Fancy a man going to the 'phone and yelling:

"Hel-lo! Is that you, Dvifloostkivchsmartvoiczski?"

"No. It's Zollemschouskafirnockenstiffgowoff. Who's speaking?"

"Sezimochocwiertzjuaksmzyskischokemoff. I want to know if Xliferomanskefichkilimajowchrzastowskawelbierski is still stopping with Dvisostkivchsmartvoiczski."

Such nomenclature over the telephone would tie the wire into a knot, and twist the mouthpiece all out of shape. Until the kinks are ironed out of the Russian names the telephone will not be an overwhelming success in the land of the Czar.—*Calcutta Times.*

The Lyres of Heaven.

Visitor (to Johnny who had told a falsehood)—Do you know where you will go if you tell stories?

Johnny—Yes, 'cause I heard them sing about the "Lyres of Heaven," in church last Sunday. —*Life.*

In a Storage Warehouse.

Gentleman (who has stored)—I suppose you have taken all precautions in case of a fire?

Owner of warehouse—You bet we have; we always keep a pailful of water standing in the hall.

B. SPAIN
Temple of Fashion
455 QUEEN ST. WEST
has the largest stock of
WINTER OVERCOATING
and SUITING
in the Dominion. Call and see him before ordering your winter garments.
455 QUEEN STREET W.

TORONTO
Steam Laundry
106 YORK STREET
LATE
54 WELLINGTON STREET WEST
Has removed to their new premises, erected specially for the Laundry business, 106 York Street, a few doors north of King Street.
G. P. SHARPE.

J. & J. WOOLINGS,
Family Butchers and Purveyors,
COR. McCAUL and CARR HOWELL STS.
Orders called for and delivered daily to all parts of the city.

GRAND PACIFIC HOTEL,
CORNER KING AND JOHN STREETS,
Is Now Open. Toronto's Great Family Resort. Strictly First-class.
Special arrangements to families for the winter months. Table unsurpassed. Special terms to Commercial Travelers.
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FOR TWENTY YEARS:

A Story of Love and Life in England.

BY MARY CECIL HAY,

Author of "Old Middleton's Money," "Victor and Vanquished," etc., etc.

CHAPTER VII.—(CONTINUED.)

Half an hour later, however, her ladyship entered Adelaide's room, and found the girl seated before her glass with her face buried in her hands.

"Adelaide, my dearest nice!" she cried, kissing her on the forehead.

"Don't, don't," she cried; "you don't know who—what you are kissing!"

"What nonsense!" cried Lady St. Quentin; "I am kissing my niece, Lady Adelaide Harcourt, the future Duchess of Almadale."

Adelaide broke into a loud laugh—a laugh Lady St. Quentin dimly remembered to have heard from her before—a laugh that made her blood run cold.

"It is true, isn't it?" she said, doubtfully.

"You have promised to marry the Duke?"

"Yes—oh, yes!—I have promised," cried Adelaide.

"Oh, that is delightful! My dear, dear child, I'm so glad! And how wild that woman, Lady Roche, will be! She came here after the Duke on purpose to prevent his proposing, and—"

"She might have saved herself the trouble," replied Adelaide, proudly, in a harsh voice; "she was far too late. The Duke proposed to me six months ago in London; I accepted him to-night."

"Adelaide!" exclaimed Lady St. Quentin in a tone of admiration and astonishment, "you really are a surprising girl."

So, one fine morning in August, Jim, dressing himself in his best, and with his gun on his shoulder and his pointers behind him, strolled up the farm. He had seen but little of Patience during the past year and had only met the farmer occasionally, when, as he was his landlord's keeper, the farmer had treated him civilly, if distantly; and Jim Morton had no good an opinion of himself and his position that he believed the farmer would think well of his offer to his daughter and do all he could to make her accept it.

"Morning, farmer," he said, easily, opening the garden gate and coming up the path to where Farmer Hollingford was standing, looking over an espalier tree of choice apples.

"Good day to you Mr. Morton," replied Farmer Hollingford, civilly, but coldly, and without asking him to come into the house.

"Fine crop of apples this year, Hollingford," he went on. "I hear that Lady Adelaide's wedding is fixed for the end of this month; there will be grand doings in town, I believe, to celebrate it, and my lord is quite cock-a-hoop at the idea of having a duchess for his daughter. Fine young fellow, the duke; was down here last year—do you remember?"

The farmer did remember. He had been close to him when George Yorke had been undergoing his examination before the magistrates.

"Lady Adelaide is a beautiful young lady, and I hope will have a good husband," he answered gravely. "Any commands, Mr. Morton?"

This was said with an air of wishing to get rid of his visitor, which rather took Jim aback.

"Commands, farmer! No. I came to talk to you about something I have had on my mind for a long time past," he said.

The farmer looked up at him sharply.

"Anything about George Yorke, Mr. Morton?" he said, quickly.

Jim turned pale.

"About that fellow?" he cried. "No, no, farmer! I said all I had to say about him to the jury a goodish long time ago. It's odd how people can't help thinking of him still."

"There's many that won't forget him at all, and will be ready to remember him when he comes back," replied the farmer.

"When he comes back!—what in twenty years?" said Jim, laughing. "Well, farmer, every one is at liberty to have his own opinion, and some I know believe to this day that I was blind, or deaf or foolish, I suppose, and never saw him shoot poor Winch. Howsever, it was not about him I came to talk to you. I wish to Heaven I had never seen the fellow."

And Jim, strangely agitated, pulled his hat and wiped his forehead with his red silk pocket handkerchief.

"Well, then, Mr. Morton, as I'm busy this morning," said the farmer, "perhaps you'll tell me what you want at once, and let me go."

"Yes; but don't be in a hurry, farmer. It's on a matter of importance I want to speak to you—a matter of importance to me and to you, and—and to Miss Patience, too."

"Patience!—indeed!" said the farmer, his eyes sparkling dangerously.

"Yes; more to her than to anyone, perhaps," he went on hurriedly. "I want Miss Patience to marry me, farmer; and I want you to do all you can to persuade her to take me."

The farmer was silent, but shook his head.

"What! you think she won't! I'm not so sure myself. At any rate you'll give me a good word with her," he said.

"Couldn't do it," said Farmer Hollingford firmly, putting his hands into his pockets and looking straight into Jim's face; "and wouldn't do it if I could."

Jim's eyes blazed.

"You a'n't over civil, farmer," he began.

"See you here, Jim Morton," said the farmer, sternly; "you're not the sort for me, nor for Patience. We've been taught our commandments, and we like those that keep them, or try to keep them. Now, we don't think you're one of those, Jim Morton; and, therefore—"

"You're making fun of me, farmer!" cried Jim, angrily. "I'll speak to Patience, myself, then!"

"Who's going to speak to Patience without her father's leave?" cried a sharp voice; and Mrs. Hollingford, who had heard the whole conversation from the parlor window, suddenly put in an appearance. "Patience wouldn't listen to a man her father and mother don't approve—and we don't appove of you, Mr. Morton; so now take no for an answer, and go your way!"

"Not till I've seen the girl herself. I know you were set on that fellow, George Yorke, for your part, and you should be ashamed of yourselves, when he was, and that now you know that he was innocent as an honest man—"

"Dost call thyself an honest man," cried the dame, hotly, "and George a felon? Change the titles Mr. Morton, and ye'll be nearer right! As for Patience, thy girl can't abide the sight of ye, and never could. Ah, I know the answer she gave last year! If you want to hear it repeated, why, go and speak your mind to my girl again. We don't want any false witnesses, and slanderers and liars here!"

"Quiet, Martha—quiet!" said the farmer, warningly. "Leave it to me, my dear! I forbid the banns, and that's enough."

"Ah, and the bride ain't willing!" added Mrs. Hollingford, laughing shrilly. "So, now, Jim Morton, you've got your answer!"

And as the dame disappeared, the farmer turned away and opened the gate to let Jim Morton out.

"You see, we're none of us willing; so it's no use saying any more. Good morning, Mr. Morton!"

And Jim, with rage and shame in his heart, slunk away.

"It's hard—it's very hard!" he cried, as the gate shut behind him.

But Farmer Hollingford walked away, without stopping to listen to his complaints, and Jim was forced to go, too.

The news of how Jim Morton had been "set down" by Mrs. Hollingford soon got about, and came round again to the keeper. People enjoyed the joke, and were never tired of talking about the way Mistress Hollingford had taken down fine Jim Morton a peg or two.

To think that the sweetest, prettiest lass in the village would take an ill-tempered, ugly fellow like him, just because he was the earl's keeper! The idea was well served out for his audacity; and after she had said "No" once, too!

So Yardly became unendurable to Jim Morton, and one fine day he left it, without bidding "good-by" to anyone, or caring a soul know where he was off to. People said that Luke knew well enough, but Luke denied the fact, and when he had spent all the money Jim Morton had left with him, he suddenly disappeared also, and was seen no more in Yardly or the neighborhood.

No one took the trouble to inquire what had become of him. People believed he had gone to join the keeper, and were glad the village was rid of such a thief and ne'er-do-well as the earl's late under-keeper.

No one ever wished to hear his name mentioned again, and the festivities at Yardly in celebration of Lady Adelaide's wedding soon put all thoughts of both Jim Morton and Luke out of people's heads.

Adelaide's spirits rose higher and higher as the time for her wedding approached. All her nervous shyness and reserve wore off.

She was the Adelaide of old days again, only far more brilliant and dashing. She was audacious some people called her, with spirits too wild and unruly for a bride. She seemed to care for nothing, to think of nothing but gaiety and amusement.

Morning, noon and night she knew no rest, hurrying from one place of amusement to another or spending hours and lavishing sums of money in jewelry and dresses—spending all till even Lady St. Quentin herself was scared at her extravagance and the unceasing round of dissipation in which she seemed to delight.

There was very little time, indeed, for the daily round of engagements to devote to her future husband, and the duke began to wish that the wedding was over, so that he might have his bride to himself.

"What with dressing and visiting, luncheons and five o'clock teas, dinners and balls, I never see you alone, my darling!" he said to her, ruefully, one day, when, for a marvel, they passed the evening at Lord Hetherington's own house—an evening devoted to home—because a famous prima donna was to call with a whole case full of costly ornaments for Adelaide to choose what she pleased from.

"Ah, you will see enough of me than you will care for after the twenty-eighth, Hubert!" Adelaide had replied, with a brilliant smile, seating herself on the sofa beside him.

"Don't darling, that sad word never be!" he replied, looking at her with adoring eyes. "I am ready to pass my life in solitude with you, if you like. I would be happy even at Yardly—"

Adelaide started.

"Yardly!" No, I couldn't be happy at Yardly under any circumstances!" she said.

"Not! Why!" he asked, in surprise.

"I don't know—a fancy, I suppose, Hubert. Aunt Cicely says I am the most capricious creature in the world. I suppose I suppose I've grown tired of Yardly, that's the fact."

"Do you get tired of places and things, then?" he asked.

"Yes; and of people, too," she answered. Then (seeing his face change), "but don't think I am going to get tired of you, Hubert. You are not a thing, nor a person, in my sense of the word, you know."

And she laughed gayly; and the duke, thinking her sweetest, most charming of women, kissed her most lovingly.

"I long for the day to come that will make you mine!" he whispered. "I grudge every hour you spend away from me, Adelaide!"

"Yes, and you were quite cross because I would go to Mrs. Oldham-Grely's fete yesterday, you naughty boy! Ah! it is no use to frown at me and say you weren't! Who do you think I met there? Ella Roche. She looked daggers at me and looked quite green. She is going off, and getting quite fat. I remember I thought her lovely once, as you did; but I don't now."

"And I haven't for a long time—not since I knew you!" he replied

"Say that again—say that again!" She laughed in wild glee. "When I am cross, after we are married, you know, Hubert. I intend to pretend I am jealous of Ella Roche. You will always know when I have a fit of the blues by that. Heigh-ho!" (and she yawned), "when is Helston to be here?"

"Helston? Oh, bother! I forgot him," said Adelaide. "Let's see, and it's nearly that now."

"And we've been two hours nearly alone together. Aren't you tired of me, Hubert?"

"Tired of you, darling?" and then he began to sing a French chanson in a laughing voice.

He was delighted to see her in such spirits, and the jeweler arriving a few minutes later, the rest of the evening was spent in looking over his goods, and selecting presents for the bride and bridesmaids.

At length all the preparations were completed, the trousseau had all come home, the guests were invited, and the eve of Adelaide's wedding day had arrived.

Her gayety had been feverish and fitful for some days before; now she was in the wildest spirits; now pale and distressed, almost crushed to the earth with mysterious despondency, that puzzled all who noticed it; and if any one of her friends and admirers could have seen her on that evening in her father's house sitting alone in her bedroom, long after every one else had retired to rest, with haggard terror-struck, as it were, wringing her hands and sobbing bitterly, they would hardly have recognized in the pale, stern face and crouching figure before them the beautiful Lady Adelaide, the bride of the young Duke of Almadale.

It was too late to draw back, and that Adelaide knew full well; but Nemesis for the crime she was committing was already on her track. A horrid fear, that grew daily, and which not the most reckless gayety and folly could drive from her mind, had taken up its position beside her—a fear that, even after twenty years, George would return and claim her; or even that before twenty years were over, the truth would come out, and she would find herself a disgraced, ruined woman, without a friend in the wide world, and within the iron grasp of the law.

Few traces of this last great struggle remained on her face next morning, however, as arrayed in costly lace and priceless diamonds, and surrounded by relations and friends and a brilliant throng of spectators, Adelaide gave her hand to the man she had vowed to be his till death should them part. Not a shadow clouded her brow; not a tear filled her eye; only, as Hubert slipped the golden circlet on to her finger, she shuddered, and for a moment turned pale.

No one wondered, however, at that little display of emotion, it was such a natural and quite pretty and affecting. Lady Adelaide's behavior throughout the ceremony had been perfect—just what a bride's should be.

A couple of hours after the wedding breakfast was over, the guests had dispersed, and the Duke and Duchess of Almadale had set off on their wedding tour.

"That is all over," cried Lady St. Quentin, as she threw herself back in an easy-chair after the last guest had left. "Hetherington, you will think me fanciful, but up to the last I could not help fearing that something would happen—that this match would never come off."

"Nonsense, Cicely! What could have put such an idea into your head?" replied Lord Hetherington, much surprised.

"I hardly know," she answered, musingly, "but it has come off, so that is all right."

And she sighed a sigh of relief.

"Yes, and it went off very well, too," laughed the earl. "Adelaide made a lovely bride. I never saw her look better."

CHAPTER IX.

"Six years to-day since we were married, Adelaide," said the Duke of Almadale to his wife, as he came into the breakfast room one fine August morning.

"Yes, six years. What an age ago it seems," replied the Duchess, wearily.

"An age! Why, the time has passed quickly enough to me," he answered, a little reproachfully.

"Has it?" she answered. "Well, the first year or two did to me. I suppose the change and novelty made them go quickly. I used to enjoy everything so much in those days, and was so strong and well."

"Yes, yes, of course you were; and you have been so poorly lately. I hope the air of this place will do you good, dear. My poor mother always thought it so fine and bracing," he said, kindly.

"Bracing!" she said, with a shiver, and looking out across the grounds to the moors beyond. "Say, keen, rather, Hubert. A wind cuts one through and through. Scotland is always chilly even in August, I think, and certainly Blengarrie is as cold a place as I ever was in, even in Scotland."

"I'm afraid you don't like the place," he replied, anxiously. "It is so pretty, I thought you would be pleased with it; and the shooting is first rate."

"Not much of a recommendation to me," she retorted, with a rather contemptuous smile.

"Perhaps not. Well, if you don't like it, we'll go back to the park as soon as our present guests leave us," answered the duke, soothingly.

"Oh, no; it doesn't matter!" she replied, fretfully. I'm sick of the park! I shall be so glad to get back to London. Although those stupid doctors say town doesn't suit me, I'm sure I am as well there as anywhere."

"You looked miserably ill when we left," he replied doubtfully.

"And I feel miserably ill now," she answered.

And, to tell the truth, Adelaide did look ill. Six years had not altered her, as time flies, and they had changed her greatly. Her figure had lost its roundness, her complexion its freshness, and the bright sparkling expression had left her countenance, replaced by one worn by a weary, melancholy look that had now become habitual to it. Lady Adelaide, from an active, strong, healthy girl had sunk into a faded invalid.

Only her beautiful eyes were not altered—in one respect, at least. If they no longer sparkled with fun and frolic, they had not forgot how to look tender, passionate and fascinating and the curling black lashes were as dark and as long as ever.

The duke had changed but little. He was broader, bluffer, a little stouter perhaps, but otherwise little altered; and if at times Adelaide's whims and fancies did worry and annoy him, and her extravagance put him out a little, he was never angry with her for long, and still loved her dearly.

"Letters from your father to-day, Adelaide?" he asked.

"Yes, I got a note from him and quite a volume from Aunt Cicely. They are at Yardly. I wonder how aunt manages to exist there! She seems to have taken to visiting the people in the village, and tells me two or three long stories about them, which I really haven't had patience to read."

"Lazy child!" said her husband, laughingly; "let me read them, then."

"Oh, certainly, if you wish it," replied Adelaide carelessly. Good morning, Colonel Vernon!"—as one of their guests entered.

"Yes, a fine day for shooting. Almadale, are you coming out to-day!" he replied.

"I am afraid, I rather think not to-day, Vernon. I've some business I must attend to."

"Ah, you property men haven't it all your own way, after all," laughed the colonel."

"No, you're right there. One's steward or bailiff is always lying in wait for one," said Adelaide! just fancy that old fellow, Gilbert Yorke, being alive still!"

"Gilbert Yorke!" murmured Lady Adelaide, a slight tinge of pink dyeing her cheeks. "Why, he must be a hundred years old at least!"

"Over eighty, so your aunt says," replied her husband. "And pretty Patience Hollingford is still unmarried—all for the sake of that young ruffian, George Yorke, Lady St. Quentin declares."

"Aunt Cicely was always romantic and is so now, in her old age," said Adelaide. "Dear me! why does she write to me about these people, I wonder?"

And Adelaide got up and walked to the window, her heart fluttering strangely. How she wished her aunt would not write to her about Yardly, and recall the old days to her mind.

Not that Adelaide had forgotten them. The old fear, the terror of discovery, though it usually slept, was still in her bosom, and at times woke up and tormented her horribly.

"Why, Adelaide, you used to take such an interest in all these people once," said the duke. "When we go to Yardly—"

Adelaide turned round quickly.

"To Yardly! You surely are not going to drag me to Yardly, Hubert!" she cried.

"I thought we might go for a few days in the spring, love," he said. "Your father wished it."

In the spring! Adelaide breathed again. Spring was six good months off.

"As you please," she replied, wearily. "I suppose we shall find everything as it was. Yardly never changes."

And six years had wrought but little change, indeed in the old place, or in the people either. Old Gilbert was a little feebler—a little more foolish; Farmer Hollingford a little grayer, and his wife a little stouter and not quite so active. She left a good deal of the work for Patience and her sisters to do. The girls were growing up now, and it was time they learnt to be useful.

Poor Tom Winch's mother was dead, and there had been two or three other deaths, two many marriages, and a score or so of births in the village since George Yorke was sent away.

It was from that event that Patience dated everything. Six years of his imprisonment had passed; there were fourteen more to come and go before she could hope to see him again.

The six years had passed gloomily and terribly indeed to poor George.

Who can describe the feelings of a decent, educated man, shut up in daily contact with the very scum and refuse of the earth; subject to harsh rules and restrictions, and harsher discipline; compelled to labor daily at the roughest toil; cut off from all the comforts of life, with no hope to cheer him on, no respite from his toil, no hope of rest but in the grave? Even a guilty man one would pity in such a case; how much more an innocent one!

The life he led had worked a sad change in George. It had brought out the bad points in his character, and stifled the good that was in him; he had grown hard, coarse, and vindictive. At first he was stunned by his terrible misfortune; but when he was able to think, and remembered Adelaide, his heart hardened against her as he thought that had she but come to his rescue, he might have been saved.

At any rate, he would have had a chance. Had she boldly proclaimed that she had come to meet him in the wood, his presence there would have been accounted for. She could have testified that his gun was not loaded. She could have proved that he was not in league with the poachers. Her evidence would have outweighed the lying statements of Jim Morton and his confederate, Luke.

As his love for Adelaide began to vanish away, and he saw how false and treacherous she had been, he cursed his blind folly a thousand times, in that he had not proclaimed to everyone that she was his wife.

How he had been deceived in her! Up to the last he had believed in her and loved her, and hoped against hope; and often, as he plied his hard task in the Portland quarries, closely guarded and driven hither and thither in rain and snow, and sun and storm, he felt he hated her, and bitterly rued the day he had deserted the fair girl who loved him so truly and given himself up to her fascination.

Patience's calm, sweet face and true eyes often rose before him in the dreary hours of night. How good and kind she had been to him; how faithful and constant. She was the only human being he seemed to have any tie to in the outer world. He felt she loved him still, spite of all, and knew that, thanks to that love, his poor old father would be cared for till the day of his death.

It was only when thinking of Patience that George's heart, hardened by wrong and suffering, softened; and he felt that there was yet one of the human race he could count and rely on as a friend, not rate as an enemy.

The shooting season at Blengarrie was hardly well begun, when Adelaide's dislike to the place strengthened. Adelaide put her head out of the window, impatient of the delay, but drew it back quickly with a look of horror.

A group of people were crowding the street, and in their midst, supported on either side, and hardly strong enough to totter along, walked, or rather staggered, a pale, emaciated being, with a rugged, hatless in the cold blast, shoeless on the frozen pavement, and with a hand and arm roughly bandaged up and held in a sling.

"Some poor wretch being taken to the hospital!" said the Duke. "Adelaide, you should not look at such sights! Disagreeable things always upset you. You are so nervous! I declare, you look quite white!"

"I am cold," she replied, wrapping her furs around her, "and the look in that dreadful man's eyes gave me a chill. Why did they not take him away in a cab, where he would not have been seen by people?"

And she lay back shutting her eyes.

The duke looked at her as if he were about to say something, but he refrained, though he looked pained. He was a kind-hearted man, and very, almost indifferent with which Adelaide habitually spoke of the poor shocked him.

This time, however, it was not only the sight of suffering and poverty that had disgusted her grace and upset her nerves. Adelaide had received a shock, of which the Duke was little aware. In the pale, thin suffering creature who had for a moment delayed her carriage, and who bore the stamp of death on his face, she had recognized an old acquaintance, no other than Jim Morton, once one of her father's keepers.

The sight of him brought back to her the morning she had plighted her troth to George Yorke in the woods. Jim had been standing in the stable-yard as she rode up to the castle that day, and had held Birdy's head for her to mounted. How did he come to be in London now, and in such a condition? And then, with a shudder, she thought that he was the man whose evidence had sent George to prison, and made her—what she was!

Had Adelaide learned Jim Morton from the day he left Yardly to the present time. He lost place after place, taking a step downward each time. Luke, whom he had been anxious to shake himself from, had found him out and been an Old Man of the Sea to him; through him he had been brought into the company of thieves and scoundrels, had been suspected of thieving himself, been discharged from his last situation without a character, lost friend after friend; and when Luke and his associates had been taken and transported for burglary, he had saved himself from being arrested as an accomplice by flight, and two years later had found himself in London friendless and alone.

He worked at various occupations, never doing much nor staying long with one master. Times were bad and wages low. He got ill; the close, foul air of the miserable garret he occupied did not suit him, accustomed as he was to fresh country breezes; the confinement of a workshop told on him terribly after a life passed in the open air. As winter came on Jim's health gave way entirely; and a street accident that deprived him for a time of the use of his hand and arm laid him on a bed of sickness, filled up the measure of his misfortune.

Day by day on his bed of suffering, without a friend to cheer him or a voice to speak a word of sympathy to him. One after another his tools, his clothes, his belongings, of whatever kind, were sold or pawned; and one day the landlord of the miserable lodging, finding him penniless and nearly starving, sent him out thence, cursed at him and cold streets to the only refuge now left him, where he might die in peace—the hospital.

(To be Continued.)

Art in Chicago.

Mr. Porcine (of Chicago)—"That's a fine picture, mister."

Picture dealer—"Yes sir, it's a Raphael."

Mr. Porcine—"How much might it be worth?"

Picture dealer—"It is already sold, sir."

Mr. Porcine—"Sold? Well, you see this man Raphael, and if he wants to get one like it up for me he can name his price."—*Epoch.*

The Reasons Were Good.

"Ah, good morning," said a well-known Kentucky gentleman, addressing a man whom he met in the street.

"How are you, colonel?"

"Look here," the first speaker, after a short pause, continued, "every day I discover additional evidences of the fact that you do not like me. Why is it?"

"Do you mean why you discover the evidences or why I do not like you?"

"Why you do not like me, of course."

"Well, in the first place, you are such an outrageous liar."

"Yes."

"And, in the second place, it has been proved that you are a thief."

"Well," said the colonel, "I merely wanted to know, and it strikes me that your reasons are very good. I am a sensitive man, and it nettles me to think that anyone disliken me without a cause. I am glad you have explained yourself so clearly."—*Ark. Traveller.*

The Serenade.

The midnight is not more bewildering
To her drowsed eyes, than, to her ears, the sound
Of dim, sweet singing voices, interwound
With purl of flute and subtle twang of string,
Strained through the lattice, where the roses cling,
And with their fragrance waft the notes around
Her haunted senses. Thirsting beyond bound
Of her slow yielding dreams, the lilt and swing
Of the mysterious, delirious tune,
She drinks like some strange opiate, with awed eyes
Upraised, half-closed, dilated, where, aswoon,
The stars fall from her sight, and up the skies
Of alien amure rolls the full round moon
Like some vast bubble blown of summer noon.

A Book He Had Never Read.

"What's the matter, Bromley?"

"Well, I'll tell you, Darringer. I don't like my Christmas present. An old aunt of mine said she'd send me a book I had never read."

"And did she?"

"Yes."

"What is it? Shakespeare? Donnelly, Haggard's She?"

"No, Darringer. She sent me a Bible."

"Well, that's one you never read, isn't it?"

"Yes, that's so. Still, no fellow likes to have reflections cast on his piety."—*Phil. Call.*

SOLID COMFORT.

HOW TO GET IT.

As I'm sitting by the fireside
My thoughts do backward wander
'Tis not so very long ago
That time on which I ponder,
A year ago, how changed things were,
I had no friends of my own
Was broken down and in despair,
A stranger friendless and alone.

Although so very short a time
I now can look around
On every comfort, all my own,
As sure a home as could be found,
A handsome stove and carpets rich
On parlor floor and stairs,
Splendid pictures, hanging lamps,
Extension table, easy chairs.

And on the hall tree over there
Clothing fine and warm I see,
A fur trimmed coat with cap to match
And all belong to me.
In fact I have just all I want,
House furnished well right through
And if you want to get the same
I'll tell you what to do.

There's many to-day without a home,
Although this need not be,
You all can get one of your own
If you but do the same as we.
Walker, the Public Benefactor,
Offers to you, one and all,
A home complete, and winter clothing
On "Weekly Payment" so small.

Why go into furnished rooms when you can get all that is necessary to start house with for a very small outlay. Money can be saved by taking advantage of our instalment plan. Get all you want at one time, and pay for it afterwards, by weekly or monthly payments. House furnishings of every description and first-class ready-made clothing can be had in this way at ordinary cash prices.

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AGENTS WANTED IN UNREPRESENTED DISTRICTS.

Music.

The event of the week has been the Vocal Society's concert on Tuesday night, which called out a splendid audience, who were evidently delighted with the very fine programme offered. Mr. Haslam did a good thing for music and for himself when he organized this society. It has expanded from a comparatively insignificant germ to one of the most powerful musical factors in the city. In some respects it has attained its growth. Hitherto every concert showed an advance in excellence on its predecessor, but in Tuesday's event the salient progress was only in the number of both chorus and audience. The audience was the largest which has yet greeted the society, and fully demonstrates the popularity achieved by the Vocal Society. The society commenced with a chorus of voices selected for their ability and excellence, but it has become fashionable—and the accretions which have taken place have not been of the great value that the original members possessed.

This year the body of singers is some twenty stronger than it was last season, and there is, I am sorry to say, no corresponding increase of tonal force, while the delicacy and elegance which was so characteristic on former occasions has diminished. The basses are woolly in tone, and lack vigor even in loud passages, while in soft ones there seems to be a repression which kills the clearness of tone. The tenors are very much better, but have not the exquisitely delicate tone so noticeable last year. The altos are good, as this branch always is, but the sopranos lack the brilliancy which Mr. Haslam imparted to them last year and was so much admired. The "scoop" was present, and one hard metallic voice, evidently belonging to a conscientious and enthusiastic chorister, imparted its quality to that whole section.

But now I have about said the worst. The chorus singing is still delightful in its elegance of phrasing, broad shading and precise, courageous attack. Alas! that I should have to say it, however, in three numbers the pitch fell, but so imperceptibly that it would be difficult to locate the exact spot of declension. Some of the music was undoubtedly a crucial test of the ability and ear of the performers, such as the Up, Up, Ye Dames, where the runs were taken at a break-neck speed, one which would tax good solo vocalists, and the Better Land whose awkward but impressive changes of key bothered them somewhat.

In this latter number an exquisite effect is produced in the last verse by the basses, tenors and altos singing solemnly, "It is there, my child," while the sopranos repeat the child's plaintive "Shall we not seek it?" This alone was worth the price of admission. In the Cloud Cap't Towers the society was fully up to its old form, and Mr. Haslam wisely repeated it without interruption. Similarly beautiful was the rendering of Reay's Dawn of Day, in which the progressive increase of tone was admirably managed. To these must be added The Cuckoo Sings, another gem. Mr. Haslam was not altogether responsible for the slight short-comings of the society, as his efforts to pull his chorus along in some cases were too obvious to escape notice, notably when his baton came into collision with the music stand, to the demolition of the former, a lady in the audience bearing part of it away as a relic.

I noticed that Mr. Haslam now keeps his foot quiet while conducting, and does not beat a tattoo, as he did at the first concert. The committee wisely padded his platform, so that his pedal obligato might not be heard. They may now remove the padding. Considering the fact that a society singing with all its faults open, and unmasked by the blare of an orchestra, is subject to severer criticism than any other exponent of choral music, Mr. Haslam and his society may well be proud of each other. The vocalists both did well, Miss Robinson giving a feeling and artistic rendering of her songs, in which she was ably supported by Mr. Phillips' excellent accompaniment. Mrs. Agnes Thomson's pretty and flexible voice showed to great advantage in her well-chosen numbers, her bravura singing being very neat and correct, but somewhat easy as to speed.

Fraulein Aus der Ohe had raised high expectations as to her ability and in many respects she filled them. She has an elegant touch, light, facile and safe, her quick passages are exquisite, and her general rendering is distinguished by a warm, poetic feeling, perhaps a trifle too dreamy. She lacks great force and impetuosity, in fact all that comes under the head of passionate play, but her youth will amply excuse this defect, which will no doubt remedy itself as she gains experience in both music and life. She is in fact a most pleasing pianist, full of elegance and delicacy, and free from any attempts at vulgar display.

The vexed question of the Golden Legend chorus was solved, as far as the public was concerned, by Mr. Kerr announcing that the Vocal Society wished to be on good terms with all its brethren, and would therefore withdraw it, although chosen before the Philharmonic Society had announced its intention of singing the work. In this I think the V. S. showed its good sense, as it is clearly even now within reach of the copyright law. Some correspondence passed between the two societies, ending with the P. S. saying that they acquired the right of production, but could not give or withhold the privilege of performing this chorus. This meant, of course, that Novellos were behind the P. S.

Some remarks were made at the last rehearsal of the V. S., which showed clearly that its heads thought that the P. S. was afraid to allow a comparison to be instituted. This kind of talk, besides being silly, shows to a certainty that the V. S. courted the comparison and expected to come off victor in the lists, besides losing sight for a moment of the undoubted rights of property.

Very successful was the concert given Friday week in St. Stephen's school-house, in aid of the building fund of the church. So great was the crowd, in the main of society and fashionable people, that it was almost impossible for me to get a seat when I went in, shortly after 8 o'clock. The concert was an excellent one. In her first song, society's nightingale, Miss Robinson, was not, I thought, quite up to her usual mark. I have heard her sing The Last Waltz better, and that this was her own opinion appeared to be the case, as she refused a prolonged recall. Her second number, The Song for Me, was an excellent choice. It was well suited to the singer's beautiful voice, and was given with admirable execution and considerable feeling. For this she was encored, and sang When Love is Young, from Erminie, very sweetly, though there was an apparent difference of opinion between herself and her accompanist as to the proper time of the tra-la-la part of the song. Mrs. Nordheimer, looking enchanting in a gown of pure white, sang her song Marguerite in a sweet and unaffected manner, and well deserved the praise she received on every hand. Miss Lester's recitation was capitally given, and Miss Cumberland's piano solo was played in her usual finished style.

I must not forget Mr. Blake and Mr. Fraser. Mr. Blake has a fine, rich, baritone voice, and gave his French song with great feeling. Mr. Fraser, who is well known, sang in his own charming way. Carl Marten's violin solo, assisted by Miss Broughall on the piano, was much enjoyed. The 'Varsity boys vocalized in their own inimitable way, and put so much life and jollity into their choruses that they could not help pleasing. A supper was given them in the room off the schoolhouse afterwards, which they no doubt enjoyed most thoroughly. METRONOME.

Chat From The 'Varsity.

The conversazione committee is not quite so large this year as last. A smaller committee of active and interested members is much better than one more unwieldly.

The Harvard Quartette Club is expected to give a musical entertainment at the College sometime during the present session. It will be given under the patronage of the literary society, and those who find pleasure in listening to the harmony of male voices will doubtless be afforded a treat. The reception our own glee club has met with, on different occasions, assures us that many will attend the strangers' entertainment. Particulars will be furnished later.

Mr. D. A. Clark, second year, had his leg accidentally broken at his home in Scarboro' during the holidays. He will not be able to resume his work for some time.

The meetings of the different societies of the College are just commencing for the term. At the literary society motions have already been introduced proposing to put some new newspaper on the files or to strike others off. We may expect this to go from now until the elections. A motion of this kind is always in place when there is nothing else in particular for the society to talk about, and some member wishes to distinguish himself.

The glee club took part in a concert given to the inmates of the Lunatic Asylum, on the evening of Thursday the 19th. Their pieces secured a most attentive and appreciative hearing.

Arrangements are being made for an inter-collegiate debate between Knox College and the 'Varsity in Convocation Hall on Friday evening, Feb. 3rd. TOGA.

Canoeing.

One of the most popular features of the Toronto Canoe Club is its summer cruises. Besides spending a month among the lakes of Muskoka, cruises are taken east and west on Lake Ontario, going Saturdays and returning Mondays, during the summer. Probably the most interesting part of their trips are the evenings spent around the camp fires telling stories or singing. To prepare for these happy events the members of the club will meet every Saturday evening during the winter to practice songs and choruses. The first practice took place last Saturday evening. Commodore Kerr presided, and a large number of members were present. Mr. Robert Tyson acted as director, and Mr. Arthur H. Mason pounded the frisky piano. The University College song book will be used. They will meet again for practice this evening.

The canoe club snowshoers had their first tramp of the season last week. They met at George Brown's monument at eight o'clock, and started, with W. A. Leys (sometimes) leading, and W. A. Cooke as whipper-in, going across country to the Metropolitan toboggan slide, where they spent the remainder of the evening.

The Canoeists, the Wanderers' and the Tam-O'-Shanter snowshoe clubs had a joint tramp last Wednesday evening. They met at the guns at eight o'clock, and went across country to Eglinton.

The Misses Ferrier of Montreal are visiting Mrs. James Gooderham, 166 Carlton street. Miss Holt, Mrs. Gooderham's niece, gave a party in their honor last evening.

The Jollity Club held its fortnightly dance on Monday evening, at Miss Ireland's, 17 Prince Arthur avenue. Among those present were Mrs. Aylesworth, the Misses Roberts and Thomson, Miss Ince, Miss Howden, Miss Martin, Miss Wood, Mr. S. A. Jones, Mr. P. G. Schofield, Mr. J. Craig, Mr. F. A. Ardagh, Mr. Bull, Mr. Barker and others. A very enjoyable evening was spent by all present.

Singers of Sacred Song.

The portraits of Mrs. J. B. Hall, wife of Dr. Hall, of Miss Annie Langstaff and of Mrs. S. W. Chivrell adorn this column this week. Mrs. Hall is the soprano soloist of the Jarvis street Baptist church. Her face is pleasant, prepossessing and good-natured, her voice is sweet and pure and of good compass. She is popular with all who know her and has hosts of friends both in the church and out of it. She has conversational powers of unusual brilliancy and in

MRS. J. B. HALL.

her manner is affable and courteous. Miss Langstaff has a mezzo-soprano voice and might be described as having a mezzo-complexion, for she is neither blonde nor brunette but strikes a happy and pretty medium between the two. She has a strong, sweet voice of considerable range. A pleasing feature of her singing is her clearness of enunciation, a characteristic noticed by all her hearers. She is now the leading soprano soloist of the Church

MISS ANNIE LANGSTAFF.

of the Redeemer, having been engaged to succeed Miss Berryman on the occasion of that young lady's marriage. She is petite in figure, vivacious in conversation, with a pleasant and ingratiating manner. Mrs. S. W. Chivrell, nee Miss Maude Patterson, is one of Toronto's leading sopranos. She was with the choir of Jarvis street Baptist church for a number of years, but failing health compelled her to resign. She has taken part in all the principal

MRS. S. W. CHIVRELL.

concerts held in Toronto within the last four years, and her sweet voice of high compass and great purity has won for her many admirers. At present she has under consideration the offer of an engagement in one of Cleveland's leading churches. Mrs. Chivrell is a pleasant faced lady, cordial and unaffected in manner and an interesting conversationalist. She has many friends who would be sorry to hear of her accepting the Cleveland engagement.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. C. K.—Cannot find the name of the young lady you mention in any choir in Toronto, and presume there is some misunderstanding about it. Better write Mr. Torrington, who will probably be able to inform you.

M. K., Oakville.—There is no such concern here. Any reliable music house will be able to supply you. Both the houses mentioned are reputed fair-dealing.

Advertising as a Fine Art.

VIII.

I intimated last week that advertisers as a rule are readily imposed on by fakirs, and while this is certainly true as regards outsiders, it applies with equal force to those who make Toronto their headquarters and who are well known to the business men of the community. An instance comes to mind as I write. Some time since a prominent newspaper proprietor, the then owner of a now defunct daily, conceived the idea of publishing a trade review. He prepared his sample copies with great care, canvassed the trade thoroughly and secured large numbers of profitable advertisements. He guaranteed a certain circulation to the book—10,000 copies I think—to be distributed through Dun, Wiman & Co.'s agency. About 500 or a thousand copies were printed. Each advertiser got one of the books, and, on the strength of getting it, settled for his advertisement. Several years after, however, when the bailiffs were clearing out the basement office formerly rented by the newspaper proprietor, the extra books were found stowed away, covered with dust and cobwebs. Here they had lain for years. The newspaper proprietor had simply struck off enough copies to show that such a book was published, and Dun, Wiman & Co. never saw even a tattered section of a stray cover. Nobody saw the book except the publisher and the advertisers. In its way it was one of the most unique and artistic swindles ever practiced by an advertising shark on gullible humanity, and the proprietor has often related it as a good story of business duplicity. Pretty nearly every sort of promise was given except the circulation affidavit, which is an invention of recent years.

Seeing the success with which this scheme was worked, the newspaper proprietor's advertising agent undertook to get up one on similar lines. So soon as this became known to the proprietor, he announced in his paper that the agent's scheme was not the bona fide arrangement issued from the office of the paper. He slated his advertising man as incompetent and incapable, and the advertising man retorted through the *Globe*. So warm did the advertising man make it for his employer, that the controversy was dropped, more particularly because the newspaper proprietor was afraid of the true inwardness of the deal coming to the fore. Since then, I fancy the gentleman has changed his views in many ways and would hold up his hands in holy horror if any such scheme were undertaken to-day. In this degenerate age he has no belief in circulation statements unless he sees them solemnly attested to with an affidivat made by some cheap clerk, whose sole qualification for the post is that he will swear to anything with implicit faith and an elastic conscience. THE ADVERTISER.

Pleasing Entertainment.

A successful musical and literary entertainment was held on Tuesday evening in St. Stephen's school-house, Bellevue place, in connection with St. Stephen's church. The programme was contributed to by well-known local artists, whose efforts were enjoyed by the large audience present. Special mention might be made of the rendering of Bessie's Wooing and the Wood Nymph's Call, by Miss Hattie Morell; The Blind Girl's Dream and You Know Best, by Miss Ethel Woods, as well as the duet, I Feel Thy Angel Spirit, by Miss Woods and Mr. Sims Richards. Messrs. Geo. McBeth and James Fax amused those present with their comic recitations and songs. The Spadina avenue orchestra gave several familiar selections in admirable style. Mr. R. Hall acted as accompanist. A repetition of the entertainment is promised in the near future.

The Toronto Society Belle.

Yes, her costumes were complete,
And her skating few could beat.
Her dancing it was splendid
And her singing you'd encore.
But the way she'd cook a dinner
For any hungry sinner
Would make an angel blaspheme,
If he ne'er blasphemed before.

—ORPHEUS SMITH.

Not Our Mr. Fax.

Editor SATURDAY NIGHT: Would you kindly correct mistake made in your notice of the Woodstock Amateur Opera Co., as published in SATURDAY NIGHT of Jan. 7. I never took part in an opera in my life, and know nothing of the Woodstock company. JAS. FAX,
Humorous Vocalist.

Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Taylor gave a highly successful children's party at their pretty residence, 43 Wilcox street, last evening.

W. & D. DINEEN
FURRIERS,
OFFER FOR IMMEDIATE SALE FOR CASH:
Choice Sealskin Mantles, Ulsters,
WRAPS, CAPES, MUFFS, CAPS, &c.
ALSO A LOT OF FUR-LINED
CIRCULARS & SILK-TRIMMED WRAPS
And an Endless Variety of FURS of all kinds.
Beaver & Otter Capes & Muffs
TO MATCH.
LONG BEARSKIN BOAS AND MUFFS.
Otter and Beaver Collars and Cuffs
AND
Beaver Trimming by the yard.
COR. KING AND YONGE STS.

DRESS SHIRTS
EVENING GLOVES
EVENING TIES

Full assortment in stock of White Dress Shirts, court front, one stud hole in front.

Dents' White and Lavender Gloves, one and two buttons, plain or white or black stitched backs, all prices.

Evening Ties all kinds.

WHEATON & CO.
17 KING STREET WEST
COR. JORDAN.

LADIES!
If you want to get good reliable articles in the line of
HAIR GOODS
The PARIS HAIR WORKS is the place to go to.
BANGS, WAVES,
WIGS, SWITCHES,
&c., &c.

Everything in the latest and most improved styles. Fine lines in Hair Ornaments, Bracelets, Brooches, &c., in real Amber, Garnet, Ivory, Jet, Shell, Rhinestone, &c. Choice designs in Ostrich Feather Fans, new and neat. Just opening our Christmas Stock of English, French, German and American Fancy Goods.

Now is the time to call and see them before selecting your holiday presents.

A. DORENWEND,
Paris Hair Works.
103 & 105 YONGE STREET.
The Most Reliable Hair Works in Canada.

S. J. DIXON,
PHOTOGRAPHER,
Cor. Yonge and King Streets.
FINE WORK A SPECIALTY.

THE YATISI CORSET

Is modeled from a design of one of the most celebrated Parisian makers. It gives the wearer that ease and grace so much admired in French ladies. The Yatisi Corset, owing to its peculiar diagonal elasticity of the cloth, will fit the wearer perfectly the first time worn, no matter what her style of form is—either long or short waisted. To ladies who wish to lace tight and not feel uncomfortable at the bust or hips they are indispensible. The Yatisi Corset does not stretch at the waist, requires no breaking in, fits comfortably the first time worn. As it gives to every motion of the wearer, it will outlast any of the old-style rigid corsets.

The Yatisi Corset is made of the best materials, and being elastic (without rubber or springs), is invaluable for invalids, as it cannot compress the vital parts of the body. They are recommended by the most celebrated physicians in all the leading cities.

The Yatisi Corset is the only one that the purchaser can wear ten days and then return and have the money refunded if not found to be the most perfect-fitting, healthful and comfortable corset ever worn.

Every merchant who sells the Yatisi Corset will guarantee every claim made by the manufacturers, and refund the money to any lady who is not perfectly satisfied with the corset.

The Yatisi Corset is patented in Canada, Great Britain and the United States.

Every pair of Yatisi Corsets is so stamped, and no other is genuine.

MANUFACTURED BY
THE CROMPTON CORSET CO.

Society.

(Continued from Page Two.)

brocade skirt; Mrs. Bruce Harman, red tulle; Miss Maud McCutcheon, white; Mrs. F. W. Ball, blue satin; Miss Morgan, mauve tulle; Miss Langmuir, heliotrope, trimmed with violets; Mrs. J. Langmuir, violet brocade and lace; Miss C. Cumberland, white; Miss Ethel McCarthy, white satin Mrs. Prince, black velvet; Miss Prince, white satin; Miss G. Thorburn, white watered silk; Mrs. Cosby, white satin and bronze plush; Miss M. Spratt, white tulle, green ribbons; Miss Constance Stanton of Cobourg, black net and green ribbons; Mrs. Fisken, black; Miss Ethel Sherwood of Ottawa, blue satin; Mrs. J. A. MacDonell, pale blue satin, en train; Miss Maude Vankoughnet, white satin; Mrs. Ernest Edwards, blue brocade; Miss Mabel Thomas of Montreal, red net; Miss Beatrice Hoskins, black lace over white satin; Miss Brough, blue; Miss Beardmore, black lace and white satin, with feathers; Mrs. W. Brouse, pink brocade and feathers; Miss Grace Boulton, white satin; Miss Constance Boulton, black tulle.

Mrs. Douglas Armour, to whom refrence has been already made, wore a petticoat of white material, silk and lace in stripes, train of white tulle with watered silk bodice. silver aigrette; ornaments, brilliants. Mrs. Charles Thompson, black velvet dress with train, head-dress of heliotrope feathers; gold ornaments. Miss Julia Thompson, cream nuns' velling and tulle. Miss Gertrude Thompson, cream brocaded satin, tulle trimmings. Mrs. Bruce Macdonald, cream satin and honiton lace; ornaments, diamonds. Mrs. Proctor, sapphire blue velvet princess, en train, pompadour brocade panels with blue jet; ornaments, diamonds. Miss Horrocks, cream surah and albatross with silk tulle draperies; ornaments, pearls. Miss Ellis, striped ivory silk gauze over silk slips; ornaments, pearls. Mrs. R. J. Evans, skirt and corsage of old gold satin embroidered with gold thread, train of black velvet with ostrich plumes; ornaments, diamonds. Miss Evans, white tulle bouillonnee with white marguerites. Miss C. Evans, a charming debutante, wore a dress of white tulle sprinkled over with snow drops. Mrs. Frank Smith, police and court train of black velvet, skirt of cardinal brocaded satin trimmed with black Maltese lace; ornaments, diamonds. Mrs. J. Rogers Armstrong, black silk velvet and lace; gold ornaments. Miss Emma Armstrong, black merveilleux and tulle; ornaments, silver and gold. Miss Mary Armstrong, pale pink watered silk and gauze; silver ornaments. Miss Clara Smith, yellow crepe de chine trimmed with yellow chrysanthemums. Miss Helena Smith, white silk and tulle with clusters of snowballs. Mrs. Homfray Irving, cream corded silk trimmed with gold lace and crimson poppies; ornaments, diamonds. Mrs. J. B. Hall, ivory Duchesse satin skirt, with drapery of Spanish guipure lace, corsage of black velvet with jet trimmings; ornaments, pearls and rubies and natural flowers. Mrs. Burritt, black silk and brocade; gold ornaments. Miss Burritt, white silk and lace. Mrs. Charles V M. Temple, Nile green satin with pompadour drapery and white jet trimmings. Miss Gertrude Temple, pale pink silk, embroidered lisse trimmings. Mrs. Robert Darling, combination dress of black silk and lace, black silk court train, lace draperies, corsage square and lace bordered; diamond ornaments. Mrs. Harton Walker, pearl gray silk bodice and train, petticoat of pearl gray and gold brocade, trimmings, white jet; ornaments, diamonds and sapphires. Miss Armstrong of Ottawa, Nile green silk and tulle. bodice of plush trimmed with lilies of the valley; ornaments, pearls. Mrs. B. R. Clarkson, gold colored brocade with Brussels lace and chrysanthemums; ornaments, cameos and pearls. Mrs. John Kay, black velvet en train, square cut bodice trimmed with real lace; ornaments, diamonds. Miss Helen Kay, rich pink silk, demi train of pink silk and crepe faille, trimmings, pink daisies; gold ornaments. Mrs. Arkle, primrose silk, trimmed with Brussels lace; ornaments, diamonds. Miss Mercer-Adam, white satin bodice and train, tulle petticoat, white ostrich feathers; ornaments, diamonds and Rhine stones. Mrs. E. Bendelari, pink satin skirt and vest covered with white beaded passementerie, bodice and train of electric blue plush cut square, long gloves to match; ornaments, diamonds. Mrs. S. C. Wood, black gros grain silk, richly trimmed with jet beads and ostrich tips, with black brocaded silk train; ornaments, diamonds. Miss L. Wood, ecru satin, trimmed with narrow ribbons, rich lace and bunches of pale pink roses; ornaments, pearls. Mrs. Percy Beatty, white satin, kilted front, trimmed with pearls, bodice and train of white brocaded satin; ornaments, diamonds. Miss Parsons, black satin with an over dress of yellow and and black silk lace, satin bodice, trimmings, tulle and yellow ribbons and natural flowers, amber ornaments. Miss Kate Parsons, pink crape trimmed with ribbons and natural flowers; ornaments, pearls. Miss Boswell of Cobourg, blue satin with an overdress of antique white lace, blue satin bodice with trimmings of crape, lace and white feathers; ornaments, diamonds. Miss Gooderham, pale blue silk with bodice of moire, overdress of blue tulle, caught with pink moss roses and buds; diamond ornaments. Miss Alice Gooderham, white satin with trimmings of pearls and lilies of the valley; ornaments, pearls. Mrs. J. J. Vickers, black velvet en train and point lace; ornaments, diamonds and rubies. Miss Vickers, eau de nejl satin and gauze looped with garlands of pink rosebuds; ornaments, pearls. Mrs. McLean Howard, black lace with pearl ornaments. Miss Lucy M. Howard, black satin and jet; ornaments, garnets. Mrs. Cattanach, pale pink broche satin with white lace and tulle; ornaments, diamonds and pearls. Mrs. John Heward, yellow brocaded silk dress trimmed with yellow crape and flowers; ornaments, cairngorms. Miss Alice Heward, white corded silk, trimmed with crystal and yellow laburnums; ornaments, pearls. Mrs. Arthur Spragge, skirt of heliotrope silk, covered with two handsome flounces of black Brussels lace. heliotrope corsage outlined with jet trimmings, plume of ostrich feathers on left shoulder, black gloves and silver ornaments. Mrs. Bain, skirt of black silk and jet, corsage of jet with epaulettes and corsage bouquet of daffodils; ornaments, diamonds. Miss Bain, skirt of pale blue crape, corsage and panels of moss green surah and velvet, flowers, blue corn flowers and grasses; pearl ornaments. Mrs. Frank MacKelcan of Hamilton, yellow faille with tinselled tulle, bouquet of daffodils; ornaments, diamonds. Miss Leggatt of Hamilton, white satin with tulle, embroidered in crystals, bouquet of roses; ornaments, pearls. Mrs. Hirschfelder, black velvet court train, petticoat of cream silk with jet front, cream and black feathers, gold ornaments. Miss Hirschfelder, pink satin with overdress of worked black tulle; ornaments, natural flowers. Miss C. N. Merritt, black lace skirt, satin body, trimmings, blue ribbon, diamonds in hair, and diamond buckle in dress trimmings. Miss Emily Benson, guest of Mrs. Hamilton Merritt, cream silk skirt, overdress of cream lace, body of heliotrope green, trimmings, cream lace, green velvet ribbons on skirt to match, pearls on neck. Mrs. Hugh Macdonald, amber satin with flounces of Spanish lace; ornaments, diamonds. Miss Bessie Macdonald, blue crap de chine and fuille; ornaments, diamonds. Mrs. George Crawford wore a dress of pale pink silk. trimmed with handsome lace and flowers to match. Miss Maude Rutherford, pretty dress of mauve silk crape over moire of the same color with bodice of the moire, trimmed with ribbons of the same. Miss Amy Rutherford, a fair debutante, wore a sweetly pretty dress of white crape over satin, with a bodice of moire, trimmed with flounces of snowdrops and lily of the valley. Mrs. J. Baldwin Hands wore an elegant white satin dress en train, pearls and natural flowers. Miss Maule, pale apple green, with pink gauze and apple blossoms. Miss Lillie Maule, white satin and tulle, embroidered in gold and silver. Mrs. E. King Dodds, heliotrope satin, en train, trimmings, point d' Alencon lace; ornaments, ostrich feathers, diamonds. Miss Dodds, cream merveilleux, Maltese lace; ornaments, diamonds. Miss Mary Dodds, one of the season's debutantes, white silk and tulle, natural flowers.

*

Another event which people have looked forward to has come and gone, and a great success in a particularly gay and eventful season, has been scored by Mr. and Mrs. James Henderson. It had been said that only fifty or sixty invitations had been issued. This may have been the case in the first place, but, as generally happens, the list must have grown considerably, and requests for cards for people's friends or other causes had doubled the original number. A hundred and twenty or so of guests was perhaps rather too many for the capacity of the dancing-room, but with a pretty conservatory and several sitting-rooms, besides two wide flights of stairs, there was plenty of room for sitting out. A noticeable feature of the dance, and an unusual one, was the preponderance of the sterner sex. When this is the case the success of a ball is assured, for no men mind being without partners for a few dances, and it is delightful to be spared the sorrow of seeing any charming damsels disconsolately lining the walls, often only because they have come a little late, and the numbers of their forerunners have forced men, who would like to dance with them, to fill their cards. No lady under forty—or, shall we say fifty?—who adorns a ball-room with her presence, should be partnerless!

*

Another feature was the extreme youth of some of this male portion of Mrs. Henderson's guests. The leap, the gladness, as the well-known hymn has it, of adolescence is always a pleasant *sight*. I have italicized the word sight, because, though it is delightful to be a spectator of youthful exuberance, it is less delightful to be a recipient of its effects. Owners of tender toes, bruised ribs, and torn frocks will know what I mean.

*

The guests were received by Mrs. Henderson and Miss Alice Heward. Miss Mabel Heward, the hostess' cousin and the heroine of the occasion, looked well in white silk. Miss Marjorie Campbell's dress suited her to perfection. Black it was, with blue ribbon at the shoulders and in the hair. Among the others present I noticed also Mr. and Mrs. Harcourt Vernon, Miss Prince, Mrs. Meyrick Banks, Mrs. W. Macpherson, Miss Sullivan, Miss Yarker and Miss E. Yarker, the Misses Wragge, Miss Langmuir, Mrs. Hodgins, Mrs. J. O. Heward, the Misses McInnes, Mrs. C. Murray, Miss Murray, Miss Smith, Miss Osler, Miss Brough, Miss Dumoulin, Miss Campbell, Miss Burritt, Miss Gimson, Miss Benson, Miss Burton, Mrs. Edwards, Miss B. Jones, Miss Edsall (her farewell appearance), Miss Bethune, Miss Plumb, Miss Annie Van-

AN EGYPTIAN SHERIFF OR TAX COLLECTOR.

koughnet, Mrs. McCullough, and Messrs. Bernard, R. Moffatt, C. Moffatt, Colin Campbell, Mayne Campbell, C. Campbell, G. Burton, Eden Heward, Gordon Heward, J. Small, S. Small, C. Murray, A. Murray, H. A. Jarvis, M. McKenzie, Gordon Jones, S. Jones, L. Jones, D. Saunders, Saunders, Hugh Smith, E. W. Edwards, W. P. Newton, R. Shanly, Williams, P. Hodgins, Grigg, Arthur Vankoughnet, Roberts, W. Langmuir, R. W. Thomas, W. Gillespie, McDonald, Fraser, White, W. Macpherson, Ward, McCollough, Harrison, B. Cronyn, C. Dickson and Capt. McDougall.

*

Major and Mrs. Dawson's At Home at their pretty house on College street on Friday of last week was attended by everybody. If a crowd at an At Home means a success, and it is generally admitted to be so, then the present assembly was certainly successful. That the military element thronged to the house of so popular an officer, goes without saying. I noticed Colonel and Mrs. Otter, Colonel and Mrs. Denison, Colonel Grasett, Capt. Denison, Capts. Sears, Macdougall and Sankey, Lieuts. Lowe, John Morrow, H. Brock, Morphy and Wadmore.

*

Mrs. Lockhart gave a very enjoyable dance on the same night. Several fixtures for that evening, and the fact that they were more or less exhausted from the numrouse galeties of the week, kept a certain number of those without whom no ball is complete, away. Once more I must record an excellent floor; the music was good, and the very fact that there were absentees, allowed plenty of room for dancing.

*

Mrs. Albert Nordheimer's tea-party on Monday was as pleasant as are all the hospitalities of this leader of society. Mrs. Nordheimer is one of those ladies of whom Cowper says:

She that asks
Her dear five hundred friends,

so that people knew the meaning of her notes and verbal invitations "to come to tea on Monday to meet a few friends;" and nobody was therefore surprised to find, well not five hundred, but perhaps sixty or seventy "dear friends" in Bloor street on Monday. Mrs. Nordheimer's circle of acquaintances is so large, and she is kind enough to call so many of that circle her friends, that it impossible for her to keep any sort of entertainment really quite small. Besides this, since she is an adept in the art of hospitality, our fair hostess of Monday knows that a tea to be successful must mean at the most a dozen people or at the least forty. She chose the latter alternative, and achieved success. Her charming rooms were adorned amongst many others by Miss Marjorie Campbell, Mr. and Mrs. Vernon, Mr. Yarker, the Misses Yarker, the Misses Todd, Miss Thorburn, Mr. and Miss Otter, Miss McInnes, Mr. and Mrs. Edsall, the Misses Birchall, the Misses Merritt, Mrs. Harman, Miss Minnie Morris, Miss May Jones, Mr. Gordon Jones, Mr. White, Mr. Fox, Mrs. Kerr, Mrs. Morrow, Mr. and Mrs. Ellis, Miss Seymour, Mr. Baines, Mr. Harry Gamble, Mr. Geddes, the Misses Morgan, Messrs. Shanly, Cassimer Dickson, Reginald Thomas, Miss Mabel Heward, Mr. Eden Heward, Messrs. Colin and Mayne Campbell, Mr. Hume Blake, Mrs. Cattenach.

*

On Wednesday the artistically beautiful drawing-rooms of Mrs. Jones were the scene of a very pleasant five o'clock tea-party. The exterior of Mrs. Jones' house on Church street, since it is painted yellow and its blinds a deep green, is certainly artistic, but her drawing-room would delight Oscar Wyld—Moorish rugs, Indian hangings and curtains, quaint Oriental screens, ceiling and walls exquisitely chased and colored to harmonize with the character of the room. Miss May Jones in her prolonged sojourns in London and on the continent, has collected many beautiful things, pictures, china, nicnacs of all kinds, bits of tapestry and mosaic—all these and many others has she brought home with her, and with them she has decorated to good purpose. Her present fete was in honor of Miss Ross of Liverpool, England, who is her guest. People who met Miss Ross last year will be glad to know that she is again in town. Toronto rejoices while Liverpool mourns. The male sex, as usual in the afternoon, was conspicuous, chiefly by absence.

*

On Tuesday a considerable flutter was caused in society by the reception of invitations from Miss Marjorie Campbell to a very small dance on the sixth of February. The affair is to be a leap-year dance until after supper. Now, though in 1884 leap-year dances were common in the country, no one except a foremost leader would venture to propose one to society in Toronto. But why not? If the experiment does not succeed, it need not be repeated. It may turn out very amusing. I am very doubtful about it, but I wish it every success. Truly, Sir Alexander is doing his duty by society. Four dances in the first season of his reign!

*

A large and pleasant dance was given at 488 Sherbourne street, the residence of Mrs. Geo. W. Lillie, on Thursday evening of last week. Her guests included Mr. and Mrs. Wm. M. Merritt, Mr. and Mrs. Edgar Jarvis, Dr. and Mrs. Palmer, Mr. and Mrs. W. M. Miller, Miss Lash, Mr. H. Boddy, Miss Boddy, Mr. Clarke, Miss Clarke, Mr. W. A. Smith, the Misses Smith, the Messrs. Jarvis, Boyd, Mackay, Miss Wheeler of Boston, Mr. and Mrs. McLean, Mr. and Mrs. Geddes, Miss Howard, Miss Lucy Howard, Mr. Bayley, Mr. Scott, the Messrs. Chadwick, Mr. and Mrs. Macdonald, Miss Timmers, Miss Hill, the Messrs. Burritt, Mr. H. Miller, Mr. and Mrs. T. Bright.

*

Mrs. Attrill and her charming daughters are entertaining and being entertained in Guernsey this winter. They have taken Atherton House, in the Queen's road, and are in the midst of Mr. Attrill's relations, amongst whom are numbered some of the oldest families in the island. To any one who has lived in the Channel Islands the names Chepmell and La Serre speak for themselves. The pretty faces and graceful forms of the Misses Attrill are much missed in Toronto ball rooms, and all who had the privilege of attending the delightful entertainments at Lambton Lodge last winter, where Mrs. Attrill dispensed such gracious hospitality, regret that this year they are a thing of the past.

TETE-A-TETE.

Judge and Mrs. Osler were at home Thursday from 4 to 7.

Mrs. Ralph Burgiss will give a ball at her house on Dale avenue, Rosedale, on Tuesday January 24. Over 250 invitations are out. Dancing will begin at 9 p.m.

The Park toboggan slide was not open on Tuesday evening owing to the honorary secretary, R. Northcote, being the proprietor of a particularly enjoyable article of birthday.

The Toronto Sleighing Club met on Saturday last, at four, in the Queen's Park. Lest members should tire of dancing and dining at Weston, they drove only as far as Eglinton, where they procured tea, and reached town by half-past six.

Out of Town.

LONDON.

Thursday evening last the annual ball at the Insane Asylum for the attendants and their numerous friends was well attended. Several of the harmless patients were allowed to take part in the festivities and seemed to enjoy vastly participating in the dancing. One poor lady, who was under the impression that she was a titled personage, attracted no little attention and seemed much pleased to display her medals and to relate when and for what she received them, to any one who had the politeness to listen to her. A common enough idea is the one which to her had become a reality, that of fancying ourselves greater and better than we really are.

On Friday evening last eight of the Cinderella Club parties took place at Walmington House, the spacious residence of Mrs. Anderson; and in spite of adverse weather it was largely attended, over one hundred guests being present. Amongst so much youth and beauty it would be a hard and thankless task to name the belle. About the handsomest costume was that of the hostess, cafe au lait surah silk, trimmed with a darker shade of plush; ornaments, diamonds and cats-eye's. Mrs. Prince looked well in mauve satin and pearls; Miss Reed appeared at her best in blue satin and white lace, and a most stylish-looking costume was that of Miss Annie Macbeth, a skirt of amethyst satin, quilted in diamond shape pattern, with train of plain satin; ornaments, amethysts. All present agreed in saying it was one of the most enjoyable parties of the season, and regretted when the hour of twelve arrived at which time all the "Cinderellas" are supposed to take their departure.

Miss Cameron of Goderich is visiting her sister Mrs. Wilson, wife of Dr. Wilson of King street.

Miss Chapman of Hamilton is staying with Mrs. Labatt, Grey street.

Miss Graham of Chicago, a former Londoner, is visiting her cousin, Miss Harris of Colborne street.

Miss Robertson of Niagara, is staying with Mrs. Anderson, Walmington House.

Miss Senkler of St. Catharines, is paying a visit to Miss Rock, Queen's avenue.

BRANTFORD.

Absence from the city prevented my usual budget last week. There was little, however, to record except the regular meetings of the whist and euchre clubs which occurred at the residences of Mrs. Fred. T. Wilkes and Mrs. Alfred J. Wilkes respectively.

Society is all anticipation over the coming ball at Woodburn—Mr. Jas. K. Osborne's residence—on Friday evening. Music is to be supplied, I understand, by the London Harpers, to whose sweet strains it is ever a pleasure to dance.

Messrs. Fred and Frank Waterous, the twins, of St. Paul, spent part of the holidays under the parental roof.

Mr. Percy Wood left on Friday for New York, from whence he sails by S. S. Elbe this week.

Stratford's skating rink is opened and the ice offered is the finest ever seen in the rink. Many of our young people are patronizing it extensively and skating this winter promises to be as fashionable here as it was several years ago.

The preparation of The Pirates by the musical society is progressing most favorably. The male chorus has had one or two solitary rehearsals and the improvement is very marked.

Miss Harrison of Parkhill is visiting Miss Bunnell.

Mr. Harry Yates arrived from Cambridge, Eng., on Saturday. AUDREY.

BARRIE.

A large sleighing party was given on Wednesday evening of last week, by Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Hewson. The party left Mr. Hewson's residence, and after a drive around town went to Innismore, the residence of Mrs. Wm. Hewson, in Innisfil. Among those present were Mr. and Mrs. Hewson, Mr. and Mrs. S. J. Sanford, Mr. Thos. R. Boys, the Misses Boys, Miss B. Stewart, Miss Reiner, Mr. H. Kortright, Miss Kortright, Mr. F. Hornsby, Miss Hornsby, Miss Sanders, Mr. L. G. McCarthy, Mr. J. S. Porter, Mr. F. D. Lauder, Mrs. Campbell, Miss Campbell, Mr. W. Campbell and others.

Another sleighing party was given last Saturday evening by Mr. and Mrs. N. Dyment. A large number of invitations were issued and accepted.

The Thespian Club held a meeting on Tuesday, 17th, at the residence of the president Mr. D. Spry. The club has been missed for some time back. Its dramatic entertainments were always well attended. A play to be presented to the public about the first week in April is now being rehearsed.

The entertainment of the Barrie Young Men's Glee Club is being looked forward to with great interest. At the band concert they carried the audience by storm with their college songs and laury drills. The entertainment is to be held on Tuesday, February 7. A farce is being rehearsed under the management of Mr. S. J. Sanford.

A thoroughly enjoyable evening was spent at the residence of Sir Cornelius and Lady Kortright on Thursday last. The spacious hall room was so crowded that it was impossible to dance with comfort, the card room was also well patronized. The number of invitations issued exceeded one hundred and fifty, and very few regrets were sent to the hostess. Among those present I noticed Mr. and Mrs. S. J. Sanford, Miss Sanford, Miss Linton, Mr. and Mrs. A. A. MacKidd, Captain and Mrs. Wish, Master C. Wish, Mrs. Brydges, Miss Lefroy, Mr. B. Schreiber, Mrs. Schreiber, Miss Schreiber, Mr. W. Cotter, Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Cotter, Miss M. Cotter, Miss Tisdale, Miss Ramsay, Miss Mason, Miss B. Mason, Mr. L. G. McCarthy, Mr. W. A. Boys, Mr. and Mrs. H. B. Spotton, Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Lloyd, Rev. Wm. Reiner, Miss Reiner, Rev. W. Murphy, Mrs. Murphy, Miss Murphy, Mr. J. S. Porter, Mr. F. D. Lauder, Miss Miller, Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Morgan, Miss Bouchier, Mr. P. Bouchier, Mrs. Bouchier, Captain and Mrs. Andros, Mr. R. Andros, Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Lount, Mr. F. Baker, Miss Baker, Mr. E. Hornsby, Miss Hornsby, Mr. R. E. Gillett, Miss E. Bird, Miss R. Bird, Miss H. Bird, Mr. and Mrs. E. E. Williams, Mr. and Mrs. J. Dickenson, Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Strathy, Dr. R. A. Ross, Miss Forsyth, Mr. R. H. Holt, Mr. Wilson of Toronto, and Mr. E. Bird.

Mr. John Dewe, chief post office inspector, Ottawa, was in town last week on official business.

Mr. W. Cotter, Toronto, has returned to Upper Canada College.

Mrs. H. H. Morris is spending the holiday season in visiting friends in Toronto.

In my last letter Mr. McGregor's name appeared, through a regrettable mistake. Mr. McGregor is not going out this season on account of his being in mourning. PARVO.

Just as Much a Picture.

"You look," said the enraptured youth to the somewhat mature actress, "just as much a picture off the stage as you do on it."

"Do I!" was the languid reply. "That seems rather strange. Because, you know, off the stage I am not painted."

AN EVENING OF

READING and MUSIC

Under the auspices of the Church of the Redeemer Y. P. A., to be held in the Schoolhouse,

Thursday, January 23, 1888

Readings by MISS MAGGIE LESTER,

Who will be assisted by Mrs. CHERSMAN, Soprano; Ms. E. W. SCHUCH, Basso; Ms. FAIRCLOUGH, Pianist.

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ONE WEEK

Commencing Monday, January 23rd,

With Matinees Tuesday, Wednesday and Saturday.

First appearance in Canada of the charming soubrette

Miss Bella Moore

In Messrs. Bates and Barrens highly successful comedy-drama, entitled

A MOUNTAIN PINK

Portraying life among the mountaineers in the Black mountains of North Carolina, where the distilling of illicit whiskey was carried on so successfully and extensively. New and original songs, picturesque scenery, pathos and comedy, and the famous

BLACK SWAN QUARTETTE

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Ladies' hair trimming, singeing, shampooing, etc., bangs, bandeaux, waves, switches.

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The Latest in Individual Ices:

Mutton Chops, Lighted Candles and Neapolitan Brick Oblongs on Paper Laces.

Frozen Punches in Oranges, in Spun Sugar.

Orange Ice Pudding in Orange Cases.

New Entrees and Escaloped Oysters, in New Silver Entree Individual Dishes.

Individual Salads of all kinds.

We sell New Mince Meat, Superior Quality, in Glass Jars; Our Own Manufacture.

Plum Pudding, A1, ready for the pot.

Entrees to Order, ready for the range.

Fresh French Fruit Glaces, just arrived, 75c. per pound.

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BRUSSELS, WILTON, AXMINSTER

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Tournay Velvet Carpets

With Handsome Borders, in all sizes from 15 to 50 yards.

In past years these squares have sold rapidly. This season he offers a larger variety than ever and at the same low prices as before. Parties in want of an elegant carpet at small cost should embrace this opportunity.

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